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ED LANSDALE – SUPER SPOOK Cecil Currey

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For more than 20 years French Legionnaires, Libyans and various rebel factions have battled for control of divided Chad. SOF Associate Editor G.B. Crouse traveled to this sub-Saharan hot spot to get a firsthand account of recent events **52**



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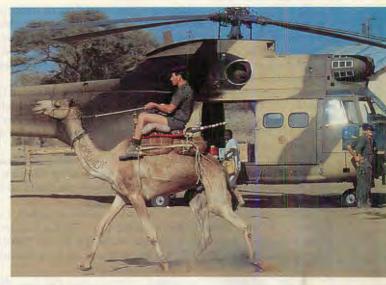
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A lesson in history repeating itself. SOF's Contributing Editor on military history recounts Britain's failed attempt to subdue Afghanistan **64**



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COVER

COVER: Soldiers of the French Foreign Legion on parade outside their post in central Chad. Four times in 20 years the legion has been dispatched to this sub-Saharan hot spot. Recently, SOF Associate Editor G.B. Crouse joined them for an insider's look at events in Chad. Story begins on page 52. Photo: Sygma

INSET: A tribute to the life and times of America's eternal mercenary — Barry Sadler. Story on page 34.



COMMAND GUIDANCE by Robert K. Brown Fighting to Win

EVERY president since Franklin Roosevelt has found it necessary to send American fighting men into battle at some point during his tenure. There is no reason to believe it will be any different for President Bush, and that means that sometime in the next four years the Bush Administration may find itself in a conflict with Congress over the War Powers Resolution.

The War Powers Resolution was passed by Congress in 1973 in response to the widely held belief growing out of the Vietnam War that the United States should never again allow itself to become involved in an undeclared war, or to put it differently (and the difference is important), never allow itself to be involved in a protracted conflict without Congress first declaring war.

In so many words the law states that the president may not commit American forces to combat for longer than 60 days without obtaining the permission of Congress. Every president since it was passed — including Jimmy Carter — has complained that it places unconstitutional constraints on the executive branch, effectively tying the hands of the president in his conduct of foreign policy. The continued existence of Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega is lamentable testimony to the War Powers Resolution sharply curtailing the president's right to further American interests by force of arms.

However, I believe there is a brutally simple way President Bush could abide by both the letter and spirit of the War Powers Resolution and still use America's armed might to good effect should the need arise — wage short wars.

Planning 60-day campaigns — which land several divisions, kick ass for eight weeks, and go home — would preclude the type of slow escalation or "graduated response" we saw in Vietnam that devours men and equipment year after year without gaining strategic advantage over the enemy.

The objective of such campaigns would be to destroy an enemy's army, industry, agriculture, and economy, depriving him of the means to commit aggression and to make him pay the price for attempting to do so. Overwhelming, unrestrained military action teaches fear, which is a time-honored way of persuading an aggressor to leave his neighbors alone.

This approach has at least two attractions. First, it limits undeclared wars to a short, finite length of time, which was the intent of Congress when it passed the War Powers Resolution. Second, it takes a more realistic view of what can be accomplished by force of arms than has been the case in the past.

Limited wars have been a particularly vexing problem for the United States, because the "limit" has always been on allowing our fighting men to win them. There has been no limit on how long they are expected to fight.

Although it may not have intended to do so, when Congress passed the War Powers Resolution, it created a means of reversing that equation, because it placed no limits on the forces the president could commit to a limited war; it only limited the amount of time they could be committed.

Instead of squabbling with Congress over the law, the president should exploit it to the hilt. \Re

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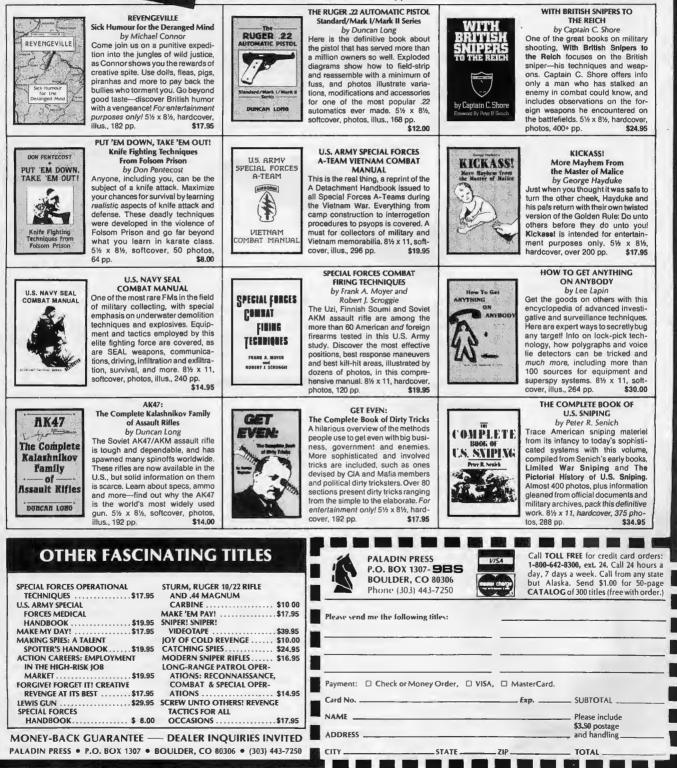
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FEBRUARY 89



TO RIDE, SHOOT STRAIGHT AND SPEAK THE TRUTH by leff Cooper

Combat mind-set, trigger control, tactical residential architecture, nuclear war—these are some of the provocative subjects explored by Jeff Cooper in this illustrated collection of essays. Cooper, a combat pistol shooting master and the nation's foremost instructor of defensive weaponcraft, squarely faces the facts of modern life, and concludes that the armed citizen is the correct answer to the armed sociopath. He insists that the Age of The Wimp is not our destiny. To that end, **To Ride, Shoot Straight, and Speak the Truth** focuses primarily on shooting—technically, socially, sportively and historically. Learn why knowledge of personal weapons and skill in their use are necessary attributes of any man who calls himself free. 5½ x 8½, hardcover, illus., 384 pp. **\$26.00**



WRAPS OFF STEALTH...

Just as we predicted, shortly after we put last month's issue of SOF to bed, the Air Force officially took the wraps off the stealth fighter. And just as we suspected, it doesn't look anything like it's supposed to look according to numerous leaks over the years.

It has been an accepted truth since the early '80s that the way you make an aircraft stealthy is to take off all the rough edges that can reflect a radar signal. That may be so, but the stealth fighter officially designated the F-117, as we reported — doesn't do it that way. In fact, it does almost exactly the opposite.

The F-117 is an angular and boxy ship — the better to trap radar signals and keep them from reflecting, according to aerospace experts. (See photo). That is a very different story from the one that the Pentagon has told, via leaks, for the past six or seven years.

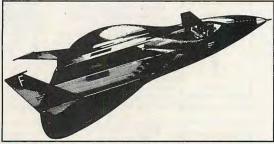
The Brass promised to use disinformation to lie — to protect stealth technology, and we are delighted that it has worked so well. If the Soviets have been trying to duplicate stealth on the basis of what has appeared in the U.S. press, they've been barking up the wrong tree for the better part of a decade.

It looks like this is one time the taxpayers are going to get an honest bang for their bucks, and Ivan isn't.

Still, we have to wonder. Nobody's actually seen an F-117, all they've seen is a single photograph, and photos can be doctored. Say, you don't suppose ... Naw, they wouldn't do that







Air Force disinformation apparently worked to perfection in shielding the F-117 stealth fighter (top) from prying eyes. The real thing looked nothing like the allegedly accurate model (bottom) marketed a couple years ago — and wrongly designated F-19.

REUNIONS

Former members of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Marine Divisions and attached units will gather at the Staff NCO Club, Camp Pendleton, on Saturday, 18 February 1989 at 1630 hours for the annual reunion of the Iwo Jima Commemorative Banquet Association. For additional information contact Joe Eno, 6240 Marita Street, Long Beach, CA 90815, (213) 596-8688... The U.S.S. Guadalcanal Task Force Association will hold a reunion in Chicago this June to mark the 45th anniversary of the capture of the German submarine U-505, which is on display at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. For additional information contact J.S. Dutton, 5530 Winchelsea Drive, Normandy, MO 63121 (314) 522-3975....The First Marine Air Wing, V.M.C.J.-1, is planning a reunion for the "Class of '73 and '74." For additional information contact Jim Anderson (312) 388-3731 ... The reunion committee of the 716th Military Police that served in Vietnam is trying to reach as many of the unit's members as possible in connection with its third reunion. For additional information contact Duane Hursey, Box 187 Rt. 1, Shelby, Iowa 51570 (712) 544-2662.

RED DEFEATS IN AFGHANISTAN...

Shortly after SOF Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown returned from Afghanistan we received word that the fort Brown and other members of the SOF team joined in attacking fell a few days after their departure. The booty included two tanks and several BTRs.

SOF has also received word that the mujahideen continue to draw the noose tighter around Kandahar, the country's second largest city. (See "Hard Road to Kandahar," SOF November '88). The muj established a major *markaz* (base) only an hour's march from the city's airport in August, and have been regularly plastering the airport with rockets ever since.

The mujahideen are also reported to have taken the town of Urgun, which was the last town held by the Afghan government in Paktia Province, and in October succeeded in temporarily cutting the main road out of the country.

Such mujahideen successes have a lot to do with the Soviet decision to suspend their withdrawal and send fresh MiG-27 attack jets and surface-to-surface missiles into Afghanistan. It probably isn't a case of the SovComs deciding to welsh on withdrawing because the mujahideen wouldn't play fair; it's more likely a case of Ivan covering his flanks — and other extremities - while getting out. (For what happens to uninvited guests who abuse Afghan hospitality when they try to go home in the snow, see William Northacker's "Afghan Death March" beginning on page 64 of this issue.)

Other notes from Afghanistan: When Kabul finally falls to the mujahideen, expect the end to be swift and bloody. Mujahideen are reported to have infiltrated 10,000 troops into the city as of last fall Afghans report that the Soviets, who have sown millions of mines in Afghanistan, have introduced a new and particularly nasty type. The mine, which mujahideen encountered on the Paghman Plain, is seeded by artillery fire. It is made of green plastic, resembles a butterfly mine, and contains acid, which causes severe burns when it explodes ... Soviet commanders are said to estimate that approximately 20 percent of the Soviet troops remaining in Afghanistan are strung-out on drugs The communist puppet regime in Kabul is claiming the government

of Pakistan is trying to undermine

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the economy of the country by producing counterfeit 1,000 Afghani banknotes for use by mujahideen groups. The Marxists claim they've found several caches of the phony bills in Kabul.

HAJI AMIN AND THE MI-8...

This has to be one of the great stories of the Afghan war.

When the Russians temporarily pulled out of Panjshir Valley in 1984 following a ceasefire, they left behind an MI-8 helicopter that was shot down at Rukha, the biggest town in the Panjshir.

The farmer whose field it was lying in got his neighbors to help him haul the hulk to the side of the road. Then an enterprising soul came along and opened an ice cream parlor in it. People came from great distances to have ice cream in a Soviet chopper.

But the story doesn't end there. Haji Mohammad Amin, a muj commander in the area, saw the helicopter cum custard stand and had a brain storm. The valley didn't have much going for it in the way of public transportation, so he proposed to turn it into a bus.

Haji Amin had headed a transport company before the Soviet invasion and had enough technical knowledge to do the job. He mounted the body of the chopper to a captured Russian truck, reduced the length of the tail, installed some seats, and — *Voila!* — the Panjshir had a new bus line, which hauled passengers up and down the valley for several months.

Visiting foreigners quickly dubbed it "helibus," and the comrades at the Soviet base in the lower valley probably thought they had had too much of something to smoke and/or *dnink when* they saw one of their own choppers rolling along the road with a load of Afghans bound for mujahideen headquarters.

Sadly, Haji Amin was KIA shortly after putting his project in motion and never saw his helibus traversing the valley, but the muj hid it when they learned the Soviets were about to launch their seventh offensive.

We hope it emerges after the liberation.

TOO BAD!

Life has been hard in the last few months for Jane Fonda. First the Naval Submarine Base

retail shop in Groton Connecticut

gave her workout tapes the boot following complaints from Connecticut National Guard Major General Gaetano Russo (Ret.) and a Groton resident. The two were evidently less than overwhelmed by Fonda's apologies for her 1972 trip to Hanoi during the Vietnam war. (The apology came as General Russo was leading anti-Fonda protests in nearby Westbury, after Hanoi Jane announced she would make a movie there.)

Then a few weeks later Fonda fell off her bicycle in Toronto, breaking her nose. Her publicist announced it was "no big deal."

Pity.

NFORMATION SOUGHT...

Information concerning the U.S. background and activities in Central America between 1984 and 1986 of the below named individuals is urgently needed:

- Jack Terrell, a.k.a. Colonel Flacko, from Birmingham, Alabama.
- Lanny Duyck, a.k.a. Doc Zorro, originally from Garland, Texas. Send information to Jim Graves,

P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306 (303) 449-3750.

ROWAN WALKS, DOESN'T REPENT...

In case you missed it, the trial of anti-gun columnist Carl T. Rowan for shooting a teenage intruder in the hand with an unregistered gun last summer ended in a mistrial, and after some reflection the Washington, D.C. prosecutor decided to drop the case.

The columnist, who has been one of the most vocal advocates of gun control in the United States, claimed he got the gun from his son, a former FBI agent, who left it with the elder Rowan because he had received death threats. He said he could justify keeping it, because the nation's gun laws present a "patchwork" of inconsistent policies, someone wishing him ill could easily buy a gun in neighboring Virginia, and that under the circumstances he didn't feel he had to "leave myself

naked." We're pleased to see Rowan was not convicted under the District of Columbia's wildly unjust gun registration laws, just as we would be pleased to see any other citizen exercising his constitutional right to defend himself avoid being entangled in that web, but we are less than impressed with Rowan's dissembling defenses of his conduct.

He had a gun for the reason at least 100 million other Americans have guns — to protect his life and property in a county which has more criminals than law enforcement agencies are capable of dealing with.

He used it for the best of reasons — because he felt threatened by an intruder in the dead of night.

He should do the honorable thing, which is to publicly admit that what he did stands as an eloquent contradiction of what he has said and that what he has said is wrong and, if allowed to stand, hyprocritical.

S OF '89 CONVENTION DATES, INFO...

The 10th Annual Soldier of Fortune Convention will be held 20-24 September 1989 at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, along with the SOF Exposition (22-24 September) and Three Gun Match (19-23 September).

Conventioneer pre-registration fee is \$135 if received before 10 September 1989. After 10 September, the registration fee is \$150. Early-bird registration deadline date is 4 July 1989. All early-bird registrations will receive a special 10th Anniversary Commemorative Badge (to be given at the convention).

To register, send check made payable to "SOF Convention" to: 1989 SOF Convention, P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306.

Sahara Hotel room rates are \$52.00 S/D (plus 7 percent tax) before 17 June 1989. After 17 June 1989 rates are \$56.00 S/D (plus 7 percent tax). Cutoff date for Convention hotel reservations is 17 August 1989. The Sahara Hotel Room Reservation number is 1-800-634-6666.

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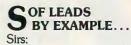
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While you undoubtedly get many letters from those who wish to argue or criticize, all too often the only communication you receive from those who agree with you is a subscription renewal. I thought, therefore, that a note of praise from one of your readers would be in order.

While it would have been easier to go along with the liberal fantasy that all evil in the world results from wrongs committed by the United States, and all that is necessary for good to triumph is for Americans to do nothing, you chose the more difficult course of dealing with reality, no matter how ugly it might be or how trying furtherance of liberty and justice.

While a lesser man would be content to use vour excellent magazine as a vehicle to become wealthy, Mr. Brown has instead supported those who fight for freedom around the world. While you could have remained at your desk in Boulder and sent your staff to the world's hotspots, you have traveled to these areas of conflict yourself; you know that the best leaders lead by example.

Best wishes for your continued success. I share your confidence that the verdict in the lawsuit against you will be overtumed on appeal.

Harvey J. Wilson Boulder Creek, California





PARTING SHOT...

I read "From Saigon to Central Casting" (Parting Shot, SOF December '88) and have decided never to buy or read your magazine again. How did this William K. Lane Jr. determine that the veterans of Iwo Jima, Midway and Pork Chop Hill fought harder than most Viet vets? Was he there?

He doesn't sound like a line grunt at all. We didn't give 'em cigarettes, we just shot most of them the minute we laid eyes on them, as they did with us. When he mentioned the "prisoners brought before me" I wanted to barf. Who brought those prisoners to this asshole? You can bet it was one of those whining line grunts. So he was "pinned down" in a cemetary for a day. The only pins holding this joker down were his own fear while he was waiting for some dirt-bag enlisted line grunts to save his "executive officer" ass from those nasty NVA so he could give them free smokes afterwards.

So all we do is whine, act nutty and ask for a free ride. I thought SOF was a friend of vets. Vets of different wars should speak well of each other, not try to put each other down.

So Agent Orange is just a "hustle"? Well as far as I'm concerned this William Lane Jr. can go stick his head in a bucket of it if he thinks it's so harmless. And so can your magazine.

T. Chittum

Hopatcong, New Jersey

Mr. Chittum doesn't understand the purpose of "Parting Shot." Originally we dedicated the final editorial page for interesting photos from our files. Later we decided to make it a one-page opinion column open to our readers. SOF does not always agree with what authors write in "Parting Shot." In the case of Lane's "Parting Shot" we do generally agree. Hollywood and the media have developed a "story line" on Vietnam veterans that we know to be inaccurate and find offensive. Many of our readers also found his piece provocative, while disagreeing with some specific points. Read on.

MORE SHOTS AT PARTING SHOT...

I'm just dropping you a line to encourage you to continue the good work in "Parting Shot." The last two pieces by Anderson and Lane were excellent and express how I feel about the present Vietnam *chic* better than I can.

I can agree with Mr. Lane in that I will not put on fatigues and make a public spectacle of myself. But I do weep. I wept inside the voting booth a few days ago because I know what it cost for me to be able to vote for the next president and have that vote count.

In closing, I would like to say that if while weeping, some idiot should stick a camera in my face, I will conform to their image of the violence-crazed Vietnam veteran and beat him with it. But I think Mr. Lane would too.

Jim

Corymans, New York

I'm a Vietnam vet and I enjoy your magazine very much. But I have some comments about Mr. Lane's "Parting Shot." He is correct about Jane Fonda and veterans "weeping" in the theater lobbies. And veterans at the memorial hugging and sobbing, as well as the Rambo clones. It's sickening and embarassing.

But I disagree about wearing a woodland cammo jacket with lapel pins to VFW meetings. Also, the "free ride" bit is open to debate. I'm now getting service-connected disability through the Brentwood VA. These benefits are hard fought for and therefore earned. Mr. Lane should keep that in mind.

Allen D. Smith

I'm writing in regard to your "Parting Shot" article "Vietnam Was Fun" (SOF November '88). This is one of the best articles I've read about Vietnam and expresses my exact feelings on this subject. It was number one. I took this page out of the magazine and now when anyone asks about Vietnam, I'm not going to say anything, just hand them this article.

> George Watt Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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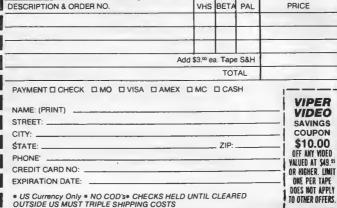
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DON'T GUN DOWN MERC CAMPS...

Shame on you and Army National Guardsman William Smith Jr. (FLAK, November '88). First, he should know as well as anyone that you just don't get on a bus and go to jump school. And it is not free, it does cost the taxpayer. With times as they are, scarce money must be allocated. As far as the rip-offs, what "merc" school did he attend? Or was he just talking out of his fourth point of contact?

Most of these camps are run by veteran infantrymen, not unpatriotic rip-off artists. Many are doing what they are specialized and needed to do. So please do not side with this lone individual, lest he suggest everyone stop buying SOF and start buying *Army Times*.

Allen W. Brooks Eldorado, Illinois

Mr. Brooks raises several good points. Our response was based on the fact that we get numerous letters and phone calls from readers stating their dissatisfaction with training programs they've attended. This, combined with media reports of these operators being convicted of crimes (Frank Camper in Alabama, for example), injuring their students or just plain taking their money, has led us to be wary of these "schools." Many make job placement claims they can't live up to. There's just not enough good-paying security work out there to employ everyone with a certificate from "Security U." If any readers have attended a private military/security/survival training school they can recommend without reservation. I'd like to hear from vou. Send your comments. Attention: FLAK Editor.

E CHANIS FAVORED DOUBLE-EDGED KNIVES...

Sirs:

Many thanks for the superb knife article by Chuck Karwan in the September issue. It was refreshing to get an article on knives written by a pro. Bagwell had his innings, now it's time for a fresh approach. More articles along this line would be most welcome.

I was interested to learn that Mr. Karwan worked with the late Mike Echanis. I'm very interested in Mike and his career. Could you write an article on him and his use of knives in combat? I believe he carried two Gerber Mk IIs. Why two? And why the Mk II in particular? Shouldn't a seasoned pro like Mike have carried a 10-inch Bowie? Hand forged, of course!

Philip D. Skinner Suffolk, United Kingdom

Mr. Karwan replies: Thanks for the kind words about my article. You can look for more such pieces in the future. Bill Bagwell had a lot of good points in his columns, as well as many I strongly disagreed with. Needless to say we look at combat knives from a totally different perspective.

I can understand your interest in the late Mike Echanis. He was a unique individual and close friend. I can't say much about Mike and knives because we did not work together much on that subject. We worked together mostly on unarmed fighting and disarming techniques. As far as knives go, many of the techniques he favored required double-edged blades, which is why he liked the Mk II. He trained in traditional oriental knife fighting, which uses a knife in each hand.

Non-Aggressive stance...

Just a couple points about October 1988's Flak column.

The weapon position being queried by Mr. Douglas is known as the non-aggressive stance and was designed for use in Northern Ireland because troops are there in a peacekeeping role. It was thought that this method of weapons carry would less offend the local population than patrolling with the weapon ready to fire.

This is not to be confused with the practice of carrying a weapon resting on the forearm on long yomps. "Watching my firing arm fall off from muscle bunch after carrying an SLR for a couple of days?" Come on guys, this sort of drivel doesn't do your reputation much good among soldiers. I have carried an SLR for the last five years, and often for periods much longer than "a couple days," and have yet to have my arm fall off. If you have trouble carrying a weapon as light as an SLR then perhaps you should look toward another profession. How will you cope with an M203, M269, or God forbid, the GPMG, particularly in a unit where slings are not in common use?

> Name withheld 1st Battalion Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment

In terms of soldiering in a combat zone (be it a declared one or not), a "non-aggressive stance" that would "less offend the local population" is a position that will get soldiers killed — period. And to assume that any soldier armed with a weapon will, or should, appear to be "non-aggressive" is a notion bordering on the absurd. "Peacekeeping role" or no, troops had better damned well look — and be — aggressive if the need arises, or they'll soon be soldiers in someone's memory only.

Concerning our rationale for carrying the buttstock of a weapon above the firing forearm, we stand by it. We were not talking about the ability to simply carry a hand-held weapon in the field — that's a soldier's job — but rather one technique that can be used while on long patrols when the threat of contact may not be imminent.

We too have carried SLRs at the ready for extended periods in combat, and have tried a number of techniques to rest firing muscles (which will tire and bunch under constant strain) without greatly diminishing our ability to quickly return effective fire.

As we said, buttstock on forearm may not be ideal, but it's a variation that works.

LETTERS

Your input has made FLAK one of SOF's most popular columns. Write and tell us your opinion of SOF or any subject you consider worth our readers' attention. We reserve the right to edit for content and brevity. Send letters to FLAK, c/o SOF, PO Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306. ₹

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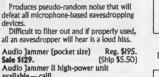
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AN exploding hand grenade is not my idea of a wake-up call. It's also something you don't quite expect while on a mountaineering expedition in the Peruvian Andes.

When I heard the blast at about 0500 hours, 29 July 1988, I first thought a propane stove from one of several mountain climbing expeditions camped nearby had exploded.

Getting out of my tent, I could see in the moonlight that Javier, a Peruvian climber who had joined our Canadian expedition, was already up investigating the noise. I could also see six people, none of whom I recognized, standing around him.

As I approached, Javier called out to me in English, "Sendero Luminoso. They are Shining Path . . . terrorists."

Getting closer to the group, I could see the six were armed with rifles. Javier explained that the Shining Path guerrillas were after two policemen who had come into one of the mountaineering camps earlier in the day. They had tossed a grenade into camp hoping that those first out of the tents to investigate would be the police officers. I began to feel very uncomfortable.

The guerrillas rounded up our expedition members and forced us to sit in a circle. Their leader, a man of about 20, went up to each of our Peruvian cooks and guides asking if they were policemen.

When he came to one man, whom I did not recognize, the guerrilla got his answer. The man pulled a handgun from under his poncho and fired point blank at the guerrilla's crotch. The now unmasked policeman then turned and fired at the other terrorists.

At the same time, another police officer jumped up from the group and ran into a tent. Returning with a pistol, he charged through the camp firing wildly at the guerrillas, who immediately began shooting back. Caught in the middle, I and the other climbers threw ourselves on the ground.

After about 15 shots, the two policemen fled into the darkness. With the brief firefight over, I picked myself up and saw that three guerrillas had been wounded. Forcing the other climbers into a nearby tent, the group's leader motioned me into a larger kitchen tent. "You help my men," he ordered.

I didn't need another invitation. With lanterns on in the tent, I could see the guerrillas were armed with .303 Lee Enfield rifles, antiques compared to today's infantry weapons, but nonetheless intimidating. One of the guerrillas had what appeared to be a .38-caliber revolver and a walkietalkie. In the light I could also see one of our uninvited guests was a girl of about 15.



Canadian mountaineer Shaun Parent with member of Peruvian police after their camp was raided by Sendero Luminoso terrorists. Photo: courtesy Shaun Parent

I grabbed our first-aid kit and began to work on the wounded guerrillas. One man had been shot below the knee and in the stomach. The bullet had exited out his back, near the kidney, and it was obvious he was in bad shape.

Another guerrilla had been shot in the right leg, the upper chest and shoulder. The leader, who was shot at pointblank range by the policeman, dropped his pants to reveal the bullet had hit his testicles before exiting out his right buttock.

I applied a pressure bandage to the leader's wound. He didn't flinch or say a word. For the other two, I splinted their legs and used pressure dressings to try and stop the bleeding.

Speaking in broken Spanish, I told the leader that the man with the stomach wound would likely die if moved. But he said his group was going to try to get back to their main base in the communist-controlled Red Zone, about 50 klicks east of our camp. If they survived the two-day ride, they could get medical attention from their

I WAS THERE

by Shaun Parent as told to David Pugliese

Shining Path Terror

own doctors.

In the spirit of international cooperation — in other words, I wanted to keep myself and my fellow climbers alive — I gave the guerrillas some chocolate and fruit-nut bars. Also included in my "gifts" were my watch and several \$3.50 timepieces collected from expedition members. The gesture was enough to ease the tension, and the guerrillas thanked me profusely for the unsolicited presents.

Out of curiosity, I asked the young girl what was in the pack-sack she guarded so closely. She smiled and opened it to reveal about 20 U.S.-style pineapple grenades. I was beginning to be thankful I had made the offering of chocolate bars and watches.

At about 0730 the guerrillas rounded up some horses and were ready to move out. Before leaving, they warned our Peruvian guides that if they were ever seen with "gringo capitalists" again they would be executed. In a frightening prediction, the guerrilla leader said that Shining Path would win the war by next year.

Ten hours after the terrorists left, a group of 16 police officers, armed with automatic weapons, rode into our camp. They were clad in an assortment of camouflage uniforms and black combat fatigues. Some wore balaclavas and flak jackets.

After determining what direction the guerrillas had gone, two policemen and a guide rode off. Several hours later they returned with a body, covered with a poncho and draped over a horse.

I went over to look at the body, which was obviously that of the guerrilla with the stomach wound. I asked the police if he had died on the trail or had been left by his comrades. My question was answered when one of the officers pulled the poncho back to reveal that most of the back of the his head was missing. He'd been shot executionstyle by one of the policemen who had found him on the mountain trail.

It later turned out the guerrilla was a 30-year-old economics professor at a Lima University.

Continued on page 72

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This is the first limited-edition, collector-grade M16 ever issued. Only 1500 will be made, and each Mile ever issued. Only 1500 will be made, and each is individually serially numbered between 0001 and 1500, with the prefix "V", for Vietnam. The serial number and the owner's name will be inscribed on the Certificate of Authenticity. Serial No.1 has been presented to General William Westmoreland and No. 2 to Jan Scruggs.

24-Karat Gold on Gleaming Black

The finish gleams like the black granite of "the Wall", the Vietnam Memorial. It is highly polished by hand, then given a special, high temperature oxidizing process that transforms the outer surface of the forged alloy receiver to an ultra-hard, highgloss black that is next to a diamond in hardness. The barrel is mirror polished and blued to match.

Hand Engraved

The commemorative inscriptions are all hand engraved and gold-gilt infilled . . . the dragon-symbolic of war and of protection; the years of the war; "Lest We Forget"; and the proud name of this commemorative, in an engraved bamboo border. Hand engraving is far more expensive and time consuming than other means, but hand-engraved weap

ons are always worth more—and it's a military tradi-tion for special presentation pieces. As you hold this M16, your line of sight moves across the mirror polished carrying handle and bar-rel to the 24-karat gold plated flash suppressor. 24-hart cold plating place are the increase the karat gold-plating gleams across the trigger, selector

lever, bolt catch, rear sight windage knob, forward bolt assist and the take-down pins. Even the front and rear sling swivels are pol-

ished and 24-karat gold-plated and—as you'd expect with a firearm of this quality—mounted with a deluxe, black leather, adjustable, military sling.

Special, Textured Stocks

The ventilated Vietnam-era style handguard, pistol grip and butt stock shine with a special, black, heavily-textured finish, which further sets this apart from any other M16 ever made.

The pistol grip and butt stock are fitted with gold and black commemorative cloisonne medallions.

Not Just A Showpiece

But this is not just a showpiece. This is a firing Commemorative, the same size, configuration and specifications of the military-issue M16A1 rifle. A 20-round magazine and firing instructions are pro-vided. As an advantage to arms

collectors and veterans, it fires only in the semi-automatic mode (not full-automatic). Anyone who can own a standard hunting rifle can own one.

Each fires the 5.56mm (.223) ammunition used in Vietnam and readily available in gun shops. Because this M16 is functional, it could be called upon to defend your home and family. The Vietnam War M16 is be-

ing custom built by gunsmiths

who build M16s for our armed forces, our FBI, our CIA, our police SWAT teams and the govern-ments of England, France, Australia, Canada, Switzerland, New Zealand and a half dozen other countries. They are the engineers and armorers of BFI, in Portland, Maine.

First Ever

As the first commemorative M16 ever issued, this is in the "first ever" class of distinction. This category has seen well-documented, significant price increases. From the standpoint of future investment value, only 1500 will be made—placing it among the rarest of the rare. The hand engraving O AHF

further enhances this distinction.

An optional solid-walnut cabinet with Vietnamera camouflage cloth, acrylic glass lid and three solid brass locks, protects your investment from dust and unauthorized handling.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

This is available exclusively through The American Historical Foundation. To reserve, call toll free, write or visit. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or you may return for a full refund anytime within one month. If you do not have a firearms license we will coordinate delivery with you through your local firearms dealer, after your reservation is received here. If you do have a license, send a signed copy, and the M16

will be delivered directly to you. With your reservation, you will also be made a Member of the Foundation, you will also be made a information concerning military history and the care, display and collecting of military arms. The phrase, "Lest We Forget", hand engraved on your M16, will show that you have not forgotten,

or will ever forget, the Americans who fought for liberty and freedom in the Vietnam War.

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	and membership in the Foundation. Satisfaction guaran-
	My deposit (or credit card authorization) of \$95 is enclosed.
	Please charge or invoice the balance due
	in ten equal payments of \$190. in full.
	Please also send the walnut display case, at \$225.
	My payment in full is enclosed (\$1,995 per M16; display
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STURDY and reliable — it was all of that, but not much more so than any number of contemporary submachine guns. It never merited the hype it received during the Vietnam War, yet to this day an almost awesome mystique surrounds the so-called Swedish 'K' (Kpist, an abbreviation for Kulspruta Pistol).

Known also as either the Carl Gustay or M45(B), it was developed in 1944 by the Carl Gustav Gevarsfaktori (now known as Forsvarets Fabroksverk or FFV — The National Defense Industries) in Eskilstuna, Sweden. Submachine guns are easier to design and manufacture than military nifles. However, Sweden's requirement for this cost-effective, mass-produced military small arm was not realized until WW II ended, as production did not commence until 1945. In manufacturing concept, this 9mm Parabellum SMG differs little from the British Sten. German MP40 or Soviet PPSh41.

Fabricated from heavy-gauge, stamped sheet metal, its one-piece receiver was folded into a tubular shape to accommodate the reciprocating components, with a rectangular bottom for the trigger mechanism and magazine well. Fourteen rivets on the bottom section prevent the receiver from spreading apart. The front of the trigger guard and the pistol grip were welded to the receiver body. Most of the other components were riveted or pinned in place. M45 variants were blued, while the later M45B was painted light green over phosphate.

Firing from the open-bolt position, the method of operation is quite conventional: unlocked, pure blowback. The fixed firing pin was milled on to the bolt face in a manner similar to other submachine guns which employ advanced primer ignition. The cyclic rate is approximately 550 to 600 rpm.

At more than 1½ pounds, the M45(B)'s massive bolt was obviously designed to hold down the cyclic rate. That's fine, but the tradeoff is an undesirable characteristic of almost all open-bolt submachine guns. When the bolt flies forward to fire a round and stops violently against the rear of the barrel, it will invariably jar the weapon and disturb the aim. The heavier the bolt, the more the weapon's accuracy potential is degraded. Dry firing a Swedish 'K' will convince anyone that he needs a closed-bolt Heckler & Koch MP5.

Furthermore, this clunker weighs 7.6 pounds, empty. While this is no more than most of its contemporaries, there are any number of modern assault rifles that weigh the same or even less and fire far more powerful cartridges. Overall length with the stock extended is 31.8 inches. With the



Swedish 'K': A Good Idea Whose Time Has Past



Reliable but otherwise unremarkable, the Swedish 'K' was a quality piece, featuring the best magazines ever stuffed into a burp gun. But its heavy bolt degrades accuracy potential and hit probability beyond 50 meters, and it never deserved the mystique it acquired during its limited service with special troops in Vietnam. Photo: Peter G. Kokalis

stock folded, this is reduced to 21.7 inches. Barrel length is 8 inches with six-groove rifling having a righthand twist of one turn in 9.4 inches.

There is considerable confusion over the model designation of this series. Early specimens of the M45 were designed to accept the peculiar 50-round Suomi (Swedish Model 37/ 39) magazine. This single-positionfeed, staggered-column, box magazine has two compartments with two sets of springs and followers. Possessing only marginal reliability, it cannot be loaded to capacity without a loading tool. Early M45s will also accept the Suomi 20-round magazine, 36-round curved magazine and both 40-round and 71-round drums.

In 1948, a two-position-feed, staggered-column, 36-round magazine was introduced. It remains the best in the business. Its wedge shape helps to direct rounds to the chamber. There is no more reliable submachine gun magazine, and it has been copied by other Scandinavian countries as well as Czechoslovakia (Vz 23, 24, 25 and 26), Germany (Walther MPL) and the United States (Smith & Wesson Model 76). It can be loaded by hand or by means of a loader using a 36-round stripper clip with six rows of six cartridges each. Of sheet-metal construction, it has marked indicator holes at 14, 24 and 36 rounds.

To accommodate this new magazine, a removable magazine well with a U-shaped retaining pin was added to the M45. Removal of this magazine well permits use of Suomi-type magazines and drums. Most authors refer to this variant as the M45B. It is not. Swedish authorities state that it is no more than a modified version of the original M45.

It was eventually determined that the M45's receiver end cap would sometimes rotate during burst fire and separate from the receiver body, permitting the reciprocating parts to fly rearward into the operator's face. In 1951, this disasterous sequence of events was precluded by modification of the end cap to include a hooked



projection on top, which wrapped around a small plate riveted to the receiver, and an angled projection on the bottom that interfaced with a notch milled into the stock's receiver bracket. When this change was incorporated, the model designation was altered to M45B. Simultaneously, the magazine well was permanently attached to the receiver as stocks of all Suomi-type magazines were exhausted, and the finish was changed to light green paint over phosphate. The magazine catch release on all Swedish 'K's is of the flapper type and is protected by a Ushaped guard punch-welded to the bottom of the receiver in back of the magazine well.

There is yet another model of the Carl Gustav that, to date, has re-



This unusual variant of the Swedish 'K' — the M45BE — was issued to Swedish police. The stock was redesigned because police ballistic helmets inhibited sight acquisition. Note clip-on cheekpiece for use when helmets were not worn. This model also had a selector lever that permitted semiauto fire. Photo: Jan **B.** Boriesson



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NTRATEC 12405 S.W. 130th St. Miami, Florida 33186

mained unmentioned by sources outside of Sweden. Called the M45BE, it was designed for, and issued to, Swedish police. In configuration, it differs from the M45(B) series only with regard to its folding stock. Because the M45(B) stock interfered with sight acquisition when police employed ballistic helmets, the standard U-shaped, tubular stock was shortened, and a single sheet-metal tube with a buttplate was welded to the U-section. When helmets were not worn, a clip-on, sheet-metal cheekpiece was available. All M45BEs have a blued finish and selective fire capability. The selector lever was mounted to the left side of the receiver in front of the trigger guard. The rearward position, marked 'E,' produces semiautomatic fire. When rotated forward to 'A,' full-auto fire will result. Some prototypes of the standard M45B were also fabricated with a selective-fire option. However, the cyclic rate is low, and experienced operators have no need of this feature.

Only one specimen of the M45 was ever produced with a rigid wooden stock. It was assembled for a South American contract that never materialized

In 1955, the Egyptian government was sufficiently impressed with the Carl Gustav submachine gun to purchase the manufacturing rights, and Swedish technicians helped the Egyptians to establish a facility for production of the M45 and the "Hakim," a 7.92mm version of the AG42 semiauto rifle. Egyptian versions of the M45 are referred to as the "Port Said." Many thousands were produced, as well as a limited quantity of a simplified variant called the "Akaba." It differed from the standard version only by virtue of its flimsy M3-type "wire" stock, non-adjustable sights and short, 6-inch barrel without a ventilated jacket.

M45(B) submachine guns are equipped with one of the strongest and most efficient folding stocks ever fitted to a burp gun. A single piece of seamless, tubular sheet-metal, bent into a U-shape, was securely riveted to the coil-spring-loaded mounting bracket. A cheekpiece of rubber tubing covers the top section. The stock folds to the right. To do so, just press the locking latch to the left and slap the stock smartly to the right. To extend the stock, pull it back into the locked position. When folded, the stock does not interfere with the trigger mechanism, although, in my opinion, submachine guns should be fired from the shoulder in almost all scenarios. The uncheckered, wooden grip panels are secured to the pistol grip by two large screws.

M45(B) sights are about as good as you'll find on a pistol-caliber buzz gun.

Continued on page 76

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X -PRESS LOADER

Loading modern, high-capacity, single-position-feed pistol magazines is unpleasant. Even worse is providing loaded magazines for a machine pistol like the Beretta 93R that devours fodder at the voracious rate of 1,100 rpm.

Ram-Line offers a solution to this tedious chore that is both efficient and inexpensive. Their 'X'-Press loader will stuff cartridges into your magazine as quickly as you work its operating handle. Made of tough, translucent polycarbonate, it sells for only \$29.95. If ordered in caliber 9mm Parabellum, a \$12.95 conversion kit permits loading of .45 ACP magazines. For real speed freaks, there is an optional pickup tube/hopper for \$8.95 that will help you dump ball rounds into the magazine almost as fast as you can shoot them.

With this potential for feverish consumption, you'll need plenty of spare magazines. Ram-Line also markets a line of blue-steel pistol magazines that meet all factory specs. They're available for the Browning High Power, Beretta 92F (including the Compact), Taurus PT-99, Smith & Wesson 459 series, SIG-Sauer P226, Ruger P85 and Marlin Camp Carbine. Price is \$24.95 each.

Contact Ram-Line, Inc., Dept. SOF, 15611 W. 6th Ave., Golden, CO 80401; phone: (303) 279-0886.



ADVENTURE QUARTERMASTER by Tom Slizewski



FOLDING HOOKER

Always on the lookout for the new and unusual, Wildwood Enterprises' folding grappling hook caught my attention. They're calling it "Stowsafe" and it's an 11½-inch long, 4-pound steel grappling hook that has the added convenience of folding down for easy portage.

It's ideal for scaling buildings where the weight and configuration of Stowsafe make it perfect for throwing through windows and grappling on window ledges. These advantages turn to disadvantages when attempting to scale cliffs or rock formations, however, as the heavy weight precludes the user from tossing Stowsafe any great distance. The four-pronged design is also less than perfect for gripping rock. An independent lab judged the vield strength of each tine to be 300 pounds at the tip and 550 pounds at the bend. When putting yourself on the line it's best to make sure two tines are hooked (this effectively doubles the yield strength).

Granted this is a very specialized piece of equipment but one many adventurers will find a welcome addition to their supply room. Suggested retail is \$99.

Contact Wildwood Enterprises, Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 771, Sandpoint, ID 83864; phone (208) 263-8946.

COMBAT ASSAULT VEST

Those who've looked know that finding reasonably priced load bearing equipment isn't easy. This type of gear usually costs as much as the name of the futuristic material it's made from implies, and even then it often isn't practical. Newman's G.I. Supply has come up with a Cordura Nylon Combat Assault Vest that at \$76 (including postage) is as affordable as it is practical.

Not meant for all-purpose use, the Combat Assault Vest is tailored for battle. Its primary function is to carry and allow quick access to ammunition. To this end it has six large waist-level outside pockets that'll hold 12 30-round standard caliber (5.56mm, 7.62mm, 9mm, etc.) magazines. Inside are two more large pockets that will hold an additional 12 magazines. Two outside chest pockets give you room for a first-aid kit, compass, grenade or whatever.



Rear and front of the vest are open to provide ventilation, and the back has an attaching point for ALICE gear. Combat Assault Vests easily adjust to any size and feature plastic quick-release buckles. They're available only in woodland camouflage. Several will soon be going to join the mujahideen; I'll keep you posted as to how they hold up.

Contact Newman's G.I. Supply, Dept. SOF, RD # 10, Box 10419, Newton, NJ 07869; phone (201) 948-6260. 🕱





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BRITISH SMALL ARMS OF WORLD WAR 2. The Complete Reference Guide to Weapons, Makers' Codes & 1939-1946 Contracts. By Ian D. Skennerton. 1988. Hardcover. 110 pages. \$25.00 plus \$2.00 shipping. AN INTRODUCTION TO BRIT-ISH GRENADES. By Ian D. Skennerton. 1988. Softcover. 56 pages. \$14.00 plus \$1.00 shipping.

Distributed by IDSA Books, Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 1457, Piqua, OH 45356. Reviews by Peter G. Kokalis.

SKENNERTON'S previous works on British small arms have been justifiably well-received by military anglophiles. Both of his latest efforts deserve a far wider circulation. There is just no end to the fascinating information lying between the covers of these two small tomes.

British Small Arms of World War 2 covers all of the numbers and marks of the Short Magazine Lee Enfield (SMLE) rifles; rifle grenade projectors; the Sten, Lanchester, Thompson, Patchett and experimental submachine guns; the Vickers, Vickers Berthier, Bren, Besa, Browning, Lewis and Hotchkiss machine guns; mortars; antitank weapons, such as the Boys and the Projector, Infantry, Antitank (PIAT); flame throwers; revolvers and signal pistols; shotguns; mortars; and a most esoteric category entitled swords, dirks, sabers, epees and foils.

Lists of the exact items, makers, contract dates, quantity, price and other details are proceeded in each instance by the weapon's specifications and a summary of its development, military history, salient characteristics and differences between marks, and total production figures. Also included is a detailed contractor code listing, both numerically and alphabetically. But it would be a sorry mistake to view this as nothing more than a stodgy work in military taxonomy.

There is more than enough here to attract and grip even the neophyte. Here are some intriguing examples. Designed as a simple weapon featuring ease of manufacture, total production of the Sten SMG in Great Britian approached 4,200,000. Depending on the mark and manufacturer, the cost was only \$12 to \$15 per gun. All of the various marks of the Sten are illustrated and described. As for bayonets, 75,800 were produced for the Sten, yet few survived or were issued and most were apparently scrapped soon after war's end. Testing the Sten's eventual replacement commenced in 1942 at the Sterling Experimental Engineering Co. Works at Dageham. They received approximately \$18,000 to procure 20 prototypes of the original Patchett design.

Surprisingly, only 9,152 Vickers Mk 1 water-cooled medium machine guns were manufactured during the World War II period. This stands in stark contrast to total British production of the Bren LMG, which reached 337,071 at an average cost of about \$160 each. An order for 10,000 7.92mm Bren LMGs was placed in Canada in January 1944, and these were no doubt distributed to British clients throughout the Far East immediately after the end of the war. Although issue of the Lewis gun was widespread after Dunkirk, due to the shortage of Bren guns, none were manufactured during World War II, and all those reissued were resurrected from inventories and the considerable quantities of new parts that were manufactured. By 1942 the air ministry was demanding 5,000 Browning .303 aircraft guns a week from Birmingham Small Arms (BSA).

It goes on and on and there's something to titillate on every page. Oh yes, except for a few cavalry swords made in 1935, the records indicate Wilkinson to be the sole government supplier of swords, dirks, sabers, epees and foils.

Books devoted entirely to hand grenades are few and far between and historical information on this subject is scanty. A pity, as these nasty little hand-pitched bombs trace their origins to the 15th century and possibly even earlier. At first they were employed only in fortification defense. By the 17th century they usually consisted of a hollow cast-iron sphere containing powder and fitted with a fuze, with an overall weight of approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. By 1760, however, hand grenades all but disappeared from the battlefields. Even in the Napoleonic Wars. little mention is made of them.

The Russo-Japanese War in the early 20th century, and specifically the siege of Port Arthur, marked the renaissance of the hand grenade. Early British service hand and rifle grenades were influenced by the patents of Marten Hale and were characterized by cane handles, fabric "tails," and segmented cast-iron fragmentation rings around a brass body containing the explosive charge.

World War I thrust hand grenades into real prominence. The British adopted more than 60 different patterns during the four years of the "Great War." It was the golden age of the grenade and British designs reached their epitome with the socalled "Mill's Bomb." Known in its first configuration as the No. 5 Mark I, it was relatively small, had no throwing handle and had a time-delay, rather than impact-detonated fuze. In the two-month period of May and July, 1915 alone, 3.5 million No. 5 grenades were manufactured! Passing through the No. 23 and No. 36 modifications, the Mill's Bomb lives on to this day. Just four years ago, I inspected crates of them in a warehouse in Peshawar, Pakistan, waiting delivery to the Afghan mujahideen.

Every British hand and rifle grenade from the World War I rod-type Hale rifle grenade to the U.S. M26-type of more recent vintage is illustrated clearly and described fully in Skennerton's **An Introduction to British Grenades**. There were some truly bizarre British hand grenades.

No. 67 was a Lachrymatory (tear gas) grenade consisting of a 100-watt electric light bulb filled with SK or KSK gas composition and sealed with plaster of Paris. Paper labels attached bore the following message: "INSTRUC-TIONS FOR USE — THROW BULB ABOUT 20 FEET IN THE AIR SO AS TO FALL AND BREAK UP WIND OF THE OBJECTIVE." Few specimens seem to have survived the war.

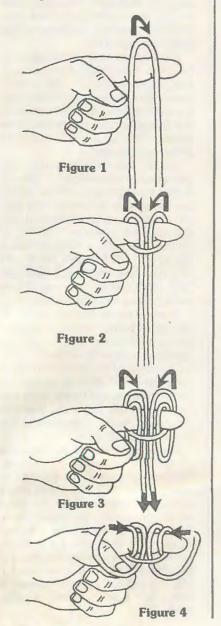
Every bit as peculiar was the No. 74, or "Sticky Bomb." It was an antitank grenade fabricated from a spherical glass flask covered by a "sticky" material to adhere to the target, with a hinged sheet-metal case to protect the sticky envelope and fragile inner container before use. Gratefully, there was a throwing handle — presumably not covered with adhesive.

Hand grenades are an important component in the infantry's arsenal. Modern grenades are covered in adequate detail by the recent Jane's Infantry Weapons annuals. But, those seeking information on earlier derivatives had no dependable material. Skennerton has solved the British equation in this historical enigma. Let us hope others are now encouraged to step forward and provide information about the pomegranates of other lands. A boot blousing band, boot lace, canteen cover, and rifle magazine pouch. These can be more than items to blouse and tie your boots, or hold a canteen, magazines and hand grenades. With the right technique, these items can become handcuffs to hold POWs, serve as ready access pouches for binoculars and compasses, and turn the Kevlar helmet into a radio headset that frees the RTO's hands to shoot, move and communicate better than ever before.

Boot Lace: POW Handcuff Tie

Prisoners of war can be securely restrained with only a boot lace, using the technique which was used by Rangers on Grenada to tie up Cubans.

To make a POW handcuff tie, you simply take a boot lace (if you have a choice between yours and his, use *his*) and fold it in half, holding the free ends and draping the looped end over your index finger (Figure 1). Run the loose ends back around your index finger

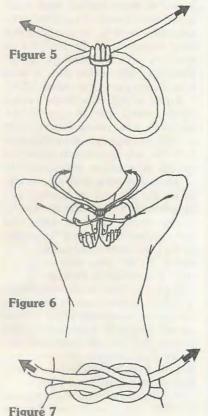


COMBAT WEAPONCRAFT

by Mike Sparks Combat Modifiers

and through the loop to make a half-hitch knot (Figure 2). Take the free ends and run them through the loop a second time in the same manner, making sure they are positioned *in between* the first two laces that were inserted (Figure 3). You have now formed a double half-hitch or Prusik knot, so named after the mountain climber John Prusik, who invented the knot as a means of ascending a climbing rope with two smaller-diameter cords.

With the Prusik knot formed, simply run each free end of the boot lace through the front and rear of the loosened knot, along your index finger, and out the other end (Figure 4). After this, slip the knot off your finger and pull on the two center strands to tighten the knot into a compact size (Figure 5). The captured POW can then be secured by placing his wrists through the two loops and



pulling the free ends as tight as possible without cutting off his circulation. The wrists should be bound while the POW's arms are held above his head. Then bend his arms backward with his wrists behind the neck (Figure 6). The free ends are then brought forward around the front of neck and tied tight with a double square knot (Figure 7). Excess lengths of boot lace should then be cut off, so the POW cannot grasp the knot ends with his teeth and try to undo the knot.

If the POW tries to break out of his bonds at the wrist, the knot will only get tighter around his neck. Also, with his arms in the air, he is easily guarded, and he will soon tire and be off balance, should he be thinking about escape.

Several POW handcuff ties can be made and stored for ready use in the little pouch for water purification tablets on the outside of the canteen cover.

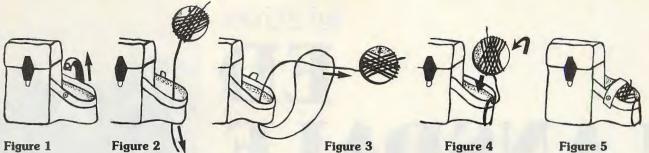
This simple handcuff technique should be taught as Standard Operating Procedure (SOP) for POW handling and included as part of yearly Essential Subjects Testing (EST), as well as skill-level training checks.

Canteen Cover: Binocular Case

You need to have your binoculars readily accessible, not tucked away in your butt pack. But why carry your small rubber-armored binoculars in a case dangling around your neck, or by the neck strap, exposed to dirt, rocks and bumps that can destroy them? The answer is to scrounge an extra canteen cover and connect it to your belt with your binoculars inside. This way you can quickly get to them, and they are padded and protected from abuse and out of your way until you need them. It also means one less pouch that has to dangle and flop from around your neck.

M16 Magazine Pouch: Compass Case

The little pouch that carries your lensatic compass looks very salty when connected to your LC-1 suspenders. The problem is that it is only secured by one ALICE clip, so it tends to flop around and get hung up on twigs and



bushes. In addition, the pouch cannot be worn on the suspenders when they are being worn under the Personal Armor System Ground Troops (PASGT) flak jacket. You can add elastic bands to the pouch to secure it, but this creates more problems since the bands close up when the compass is removed, making it a real pain to return the compass after use.

Like binoculars, the compass is an item that has to be ready for use, and then tucked out of the way until needed again. It cannot be left dangling around your neck or tied to your camouflage jacket pocket. But it cannot be stashed away in your butt pack either — you need it too often for that. The truth is that the little compass pouch does not belong on the LC-1 suspenders (or on the cartridge belt, either).

This problem can be solved by attaching your lensatic compass to one of the hand grenade side pockets of the M16 magazine pouch. This way it will be ready for immediate use and can be tucked away in a secure place where it will not snag on underbrush. It will not look as macho on your grenade pouch as it does on your shoulder straps, but a professional wants *go*, not *show*.

To connect, simply open one of the grenade straps on your M16 magazine pouch (Figure 1). Then take the compass lanyard and run it through the center of the pouch (Figure 2). Grab the end of the compass lanyard and open it with your hand, so the compass can be run through it (Figure 3) and pull the lanyard tight. Now the compass is secured to the pouch flap so it will not be lost.

Next, simply wrap the lanyard around the closed compass and place it snugly inside the grenade pouch (Figure 4). The retaining strap is then closed over the compass for extra protection (Figure 5). The compass is now readily accessible for the intermittent use it receives. You can even stop and kneel to orient your map/compass, or do other map/ compass work without having to remove the compass. Don't worry about exposing a compass to the elements; it is a sealed item, and a little dirt on it will not kill it.

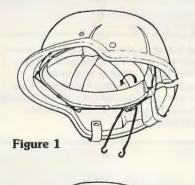
Now the nay sayers might argue that you will lose the ability to carry a hand

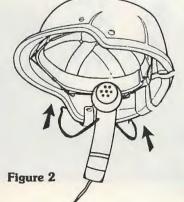
grenade. To this I ask, "How many times do you carry four hand grenades?" The hand grenade is a one-way item; you do not have to retrieve it. You can keep that extra hand grenade in your flak jacket pocket or hooked by the spoon if you want to look like Arnold Swartzennegger (not a good idea). The point is that the hand grenade only has to be carried until it is thrown away; there are many pockets on your uniform and flak jacket that can carry them. The compass, on the other hand, is a special instrument that takes precedence — it has to be located in the most accessible place, where it can be easily used and returned.

Boot Blousing Band: Kevlar Helmet Radio Headset

The problem of trying to simultaneously hold the radio handset to your ear to monitor the radio, handle your rifle, write in your message book and move stealthfully can be solved with a simple boot blousing band.

The band is used to connect the earpiece of the radio handset to the inside of the cheek portion of the Kevlar helmet. Because the band is elastic, the handset can be pulled



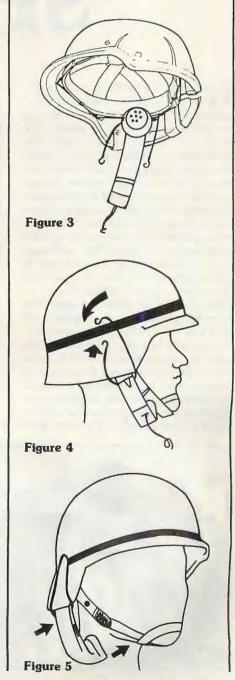


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down slightly in front of your mouth, while the same hand keys the microphone button when you want to communicate. After the message is sent, the elastic blousing band lifts up the handset back into the recess for listening.

With this improvisation, the

Continued on page 75



SOF PSYOPS LANSDALE - SUPER SPOOK by Cecil Currey



LIDING in over the steaming jungle, The pilot of the L-5 Piper light reconnaissance plane adjusted his controls to compensate for the rising air currents. His companion, a psychological warfare officer of the Philippine army, opened his window and spoke into a loud hailer which was mounted on the airframe outside. (Experience had shown that trying to push a handheld bullhorn into the slipstream was a sure way of losing one's front teeth.) His words boomed down upon rebels crouching in the green cover of the jungle. They were members of the Hukbo ng Bayan Laban Sa Hapon (People's Army Against the Japanese), called "Hukbalahaps" or "Huks." In the late 1940s and early 1950s this rebel movement nearly controlled central Luzon, or "Huklandia" as cynics referred to it, and the group was active in many areas. In some localities Huks felt so secure they established their own governments in defiance of the legal authorities in Manila. Fifteen thousand guerrillas in the field relied upon a million supporters and sympathizers out of a total population of 22 million. Huks

COVERT AUTHOR

Colonel Cecil B. Currey, U.S. Army, is well known under the nom de plume Cincinnatus for his penetrating, stinging critique of U.S. strategy in Vietnam. Last year, Houghton Mifflin published his book, Shadows: A Story of Edward Geary Lansdale, which covers the life and times of Lansdale from his trail of successes in the Philippines to his role during the Vietnam War. Early in 1988, Colonel Currey received permission to travel to Vietnam for research and interviews, and as of this writing is scheduled to go there again. We welcome his work to the pages of SOF.

Ed Lansdale (Air Force uniform, garrison cap) with party at Kadatagan in fall of 1951, as they conduct unannounced inspections throughout Philippines. Figure in aloha shirt (second from left) is President Ramón Magsaysay. Photo: Bohannan Collection



Platoon commander of 20th Battalion Combat Team (BCT) briefs his men before going on patrol during operation "Dragnet," during the anti-Huk campaign of early 1950s. Photo: Bohannan Collection

provided the real rule in the areas they controlled. They held court trials and meted out punishment. They collected taxes and even performed marriage ceremonies. Something had to be done by the central government to weaken the Huks' power over the people in the areas they controlled. The L-5 Piper haranguing the rebels in the jungle below was part of a new approach by a special branch of the Philippine army. It was called an "eye of god" operation by its developer.

"Hey, you guys hiding down there," boomed the amplified voice of the military officer in the plane. "I see you. It does no good to hide from us. I know who you are and where you are. That's right. You're members of Huk Squadron 17. Do you want news from home? Commander Innocencio, your wife is sick and calling your name. Prospero, Pancracio and Castulo, we have burned your fields and shot your water buffalo. Natividad, your brother who used to serve in Squadron 6, was captured and we shot him! I know all your names. Pepe, they call you Ojo 'E' Sapo because your eyes stick out like a frog every time Commander Innocencio orders you to fight. Carmelo, we hear the girls call you Pijo 'E' Mono because you're built too much like a monkey to satisfy them. Chino and Dario and Baby, we know all about you. We are coming to kill you. Running won't help. Give up or die. Now I must go while our troops are coming. To our secret friend in your ranks, thank you! Sorry I can't call you by name, but you know who I mean. Thank you and goodbye."



With those words, a grinning army officer slid his window shut against the rushing slipstream while the pilot added throttle. The little plane gained speed and was soon out of sight while bewildered men on the ground below looked at one another and wondered. The news broadcast over the loud hailer had been compiled from captured order-of-battle information. There had been, of course, no "friend in the ranks," but such revelations often stampeded guerrillas, forcing them to change plans and sowing doubt in their minds.

Suspiciously, they looked at their compadres. Which one of their buddies was the army's "friend in the ranks?" Who of those milling in confusion was really a secret government spy? One or more of the rebels usually looked guilty enough to qualify and were quickly executed by a kangaroo court of their fellows.

Thus the Philippine army, adroitly using such order-of-battle information, regularly brought about as many rebel casualties through this technique as it could expect to inflict in a firefight, yet it involved no troops, cost no casualties, and expended little money. The idea had been suggested by an American military officer named Edward Geary Lansdale.

Ed Lansdale (1908-1987) held controversial opinions about the best way to defeat insurgent forces in Third World countries. A long-time maverick (his enemies thought of him as an unguided missile) within the military and intelligence bureaucracies, he achieved startling success against Huk rebels in the Philippines during the early 1950s and helped make Ramón Magsaysay president of that country. Transferred to Vietnam, his labors there made it possible for Ngo Dinh Diem to consolidate his rule over the Republic of Vietnam, and Lansdale's team members north of the 17th parallel

The Man Who Was The Ugly American

wreaked havoc on the plans of Ho Chi Minh for an orderly takeover as French forces pulled out following their catastrophic defeat at Dien Bien Phu. Back in the United States, assigned to the Department of Defense as deputy assistant for special operations, he rose to the rank of major general and ultimately came to exercise great influence over America's covert intelligence activities. In later years he advised the governments of Venezuela, Columbia, Bolivia, Peru and Brazil on ways to cope with terrorists and insurgent movements. Those who knew of him and his work either praised or despised him; there seemed to be no other available reaction. Whether we ultimately agree or disagree with his views, Lansdale is worth knowing.

Born in Detroit, educated at UCLA and commissioned an ROTC second lieutenant in 1929, Lansdale entered the advertising field and was well on his way to becoming a rich man when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. He immediately volunteered for active duty and during World War II served simultaneously in both Army Intelligence and the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). At war's end he was a major and held the job of deputy G-2 for the Armed Forces Western Pacific (AFWESPAC). Shortly thereafter he transferred from the Army to the new U.S. Air Force and later signed up for service with an organization so secret that the U.S. government refused even to admit its existence until 1982 — the Office of Policy Coordination (OPC). The OPC was the nation's first clandestine "dirty tricks" department which carried out covert actions overseas in support of American policy.

When the leftist novelist Graham Greene learned something of Lansdale's clandestine activities, he based a character in his 1955 book, *The Quiet American*, on him. So did Eugene Burdick and William Lederer in their 1958 work, *The Ugly American*. The first book condemned Lansdale; the second praised him. Both novels contain an element of truth, but both miss the mark in their attempts to genuinely understand Lansdale's methods.

Lansdale, forever after known as the "Ugly American," was an unconventional warrior who was convinced that assigning combat troops to overseas areas troubled by insurgencies was not the appropriate response. Far better, he claimed, to keep conventional troops and firepower at home, and to send a very few skilled advisers — imaginative and well-trained in irregular warfare — to help an embattled government find its *own* authentic homegrown remedies for defeating local rebels. No government, he believed, could be attacked and defeated by dissident groups if it was truly responsi-



"Bo" Bohannan (left), Lansdale's long-time number two man, and Ed Lansdale, deep in conversation. Lansdale felt "coffee house" chats were best for encouraging free exchange of ideas. Photo: Bohannan Collection

ble and responsive to the real needs of its own citizenry. Persuading heads of state to adopt such goals was always Lansdale's first priority. "In a people's war," Lansdale insisted, "the terrain is not valleys or ridges, river banks or jungle. The *people* are the terrain." Gaining their loyalty and allegiance was primary if an insurgency was to be stopped. The second goal was to end the fighting. To that end, Lansdale firmly taught that psychological warfare ("psywar" — a term he invented) was one of an adviser's best weapons.

Ed Lansdale defined psywar as "an action, usually propaganda, which you take to influence the will of other people, usually the enemy, to support the gaining of your military objective in war." Lansdale regarded psywar, however, as only one weapon — a supporting one — and he knew soldiers should never become fixated on the technique and lose sight of its purpose, lest they become like "artillerymen toiling for long hours to perfect the firing of salutes, forgetting that the purpose of their weapons is to destroy or weaken the enemy."

"The vital element in every people's war," Lansdale used to say, is the way in which citizens regard their own government. Even civic action is an example of psywar, Lansdale believed, for any deed "which makes the soldier a brother of the people, as well as their protector" influences people to support their government. When troops remember to act appropriately, government is strengthened; when they do not, guerrilla influence increases. "How would you react," Lansdale asked, "if soldiers stole your chickens or pigs or personal belongings — maybe roughing you up and

having sport with your wife or daughter in the process? How would you react if political leaders posed as men of integrity, but you saw them living high on the hog, buying property and jewelry and expensive cars ---all on a low government salary - and thus obviously hoggishly corrupt?" An inevitable concern must always be, what will people's *reaction* be to this proposed action? "When people are won, along with them go the terrain, the wealth of the land, the whole existence of the nation. The victor can be either insurgent or government." But if the government — through a proper mix of psywar, civic action, and regular military operations - manages to win its own people, then guerrillas no longer will have a place to hide. At that point, Lansdale urged, regular forces could easily find, fix and finish any remaining insurgents.

Psyops, Lansdale taught, was not some new weapon or technique. Aside from cavemen using their bare hands to defeat opponents, it is, he said, perhaps man's oldest battle technique. "[T]he important thing to remember is that it is a *weapon* ... [It] is used to make people *do* something. The more clearly you know what you want your enemy to do, the more effective will be your use of this weapon. Be fuzzy about this and your results will be fuzzy."

When Lansdale first heard of the Huk movement in the weeks following the end of World War II, he became fascinated by it and determined to find out as much about its members as possible. Sometimes alone, occasionally with a single guide, he tracked them to their lairs in provincial barrios and jungle hideaways. Occasionally he forced contact with small groups of rebels while sitting beside a trail. "I was [just] one person sitting there and they were an armed group. [I] would smile and give them something else to think of fast. I would ask them if they needed cigarettes or some food or did anybody want a drink? They would come up [to me] and say, 'Yeah, I'd like a cigarette' instead of shooting me. You don't kill a guy laughing, being nice to you." In this way he got to know many Huks personally, all the while studying their doctrines and methods, looking for ways they might be weakened

Magsaysay test fires .30 M2 carbine fitted with M1A1 stock while en route to inspection site by boat. The man who was able to put Lansdale's ideas into practice, Magsaysay was only Philippine president who had not come from traditional elite. He was at his best — and most at home when out among his people. Photo: Bohannan Collection

and defeated. Lansdale hoped to find a way to talk personally with Luis Taruc, a man known as "El Supremo," the military commander of the Huk movement. One day, after hearing that Taruc's pregnant sister suffered from an insufficient diet and was ill, Lansdale stopped by the embassy dispensary and loaded up with calcium pills and set off for the barrio community where the woman lived. Bodyguards stopped Lansdale at the door of the house and held him prisoner for a time while Taruc slipped away through a bedroom window. In other ventures he was more successful.

Armed with the authority of the Office of Policy Coordination, Lansdale acted with near impunity in the independent nation of the Philippines. Major General Leland Hobbes, commander of the Joint United States Military Advisory Group (JUSMAG) and Ambassador Myron Cowen followed Lansdale's leadership and cooperated with his suggestions. Lansdale convinced Philippine President Elpidio Quirino to appoint a young member of the country's House of Representatives, Ramón Magsaysay, to the office of Secretary of National Defense, and through Magsaysay, Lansdale offered his program of psywar and civic action to the conflict-torn country.

In late September and early October 1950, Lansdale developed a ploy that might rid the Philippines of some of the top Huk leaders. He recalled how, during the recent

President Ramón Magsaysay (in T-shirt) during one of his legendary field inspection tours. Lansdale played a key role in ensuring the success of these inspections. These two men were very close, at one time living under the same roof. Photo: Bohannan Collection





FROM HUKS TO THE NEW PEOPLE'S ARMY

Foreign communists have been active in the Philippines since the 1920s, but the Philippine Communist Party (*Partido Komunista ng Pilipinas*, or PKP) was not born until 7 November 1930. In 1938 the PKP merged with the small Socialist Party of the Philippines. With the party's participation in World War II resistance against the Japanese, Philippine communism was able to make significant strides.

The postwar "Huk Rebellion," which was viewed by both the government in Manila and the United States as a communist insurrection, seems now, after closer examination, to have been in many respects a peasant uprising of which the PKP was able to take advantage. The rebellion was preceded by a decade of peasant unrest in Luzon, and the Hukbalahap (Hukbo ng Bayan Laban sa Hapon, or People's Army Against the Japanese) itself drew its primary strength from anti-Japanese sentiment among the abused populace. However, when American troops returned in force to the Philippines in October 1944, Huks took the opportunity to kill Filipino land-



lords — more were killed by Huks than by Japanese occupation troops.

While the political brains were PKP, many of the local Huk leaders were not. This allowed the government of Ramón Magsaysay to cut the ground from beneath the movement by means of reforms which satisfied local peasant grievances.

This defeat of the Huks marked the low point of Philippine communism. The PKP had been decimated, with most of its politburo captured in October 1952. There followed slow disintegration, and by the early 1960s the movement was moribund. But it did not die. Low-level violence continued, as some Huk commanders and their proteges refused to surrender. In 1966, after a decade of relative calm, insurgent-related violence increased sharply.

It is now known that while the PKP of the Huk era lost most of its foot soldiers to government military and pacification programs, it was able to retain its intellectual base. Thus as new blood entered the party, its efforts to overthrow the system were revived. Young Maoists forged tenuous links with the Huk remnants, sparking another round in the war, but one which was now called a "people's war." — Tom Marks war, Filipino guerrillas were always entranced when a sub surfaced in their coastal waters. Perhaps he could now arrange for a "Soviet" sub to arrive off Luzon carrying "Russian commissars" come to reward Huk leaders for their accomplishments. He and a friend, C.T.R. "Bo" Bohannan, even practiced Russian phrases so they could convincingly act the part of Russian deck officers. Arrival times and an appropriate location were inserted into Huk information nets. Lansdale figured that a very few armed men hiding below decks could easily arrest the Huks after they clambered aboard. Despite Admiral Arleigh Burke's enthusiasm for the project, the Navy refused to loan a submarine to Lansdale for the action and he had to scrub his plans.

Other ideas were implemented and worked out better. At one point Lansdale talked Magsaysay and Army Chief of Staff General Mariano Castaneda into allowing a fighting young officer, Colonel Napoleon D. Valeriano, to establish an effective strike force to use against Huk rebels - the 7th Battalion Combat Team (BCT). Valeriano, at Lansdale's suggestion, set up "Charlie Company" as a component unit of the 7th BCT. Men of that force adopted Huk ways, going barefoot and dressing as the rebels did, adopting their equipment, talking in the jargon of dialectical materialism. Charlie Company wandered at will through Hukinfested areas and when opportunities presented themselves, real Huks died under fire from men who, from their looks and actions, should have been the Huks' comrades. It was a victory for Lansdale's psywar efforts.

At Lansdale's suggestion, Valeriano ordered his men to slip regularly into barrio villages at night and paint "eye of god" signs—large staring eyes—on the walls of houses where Huk followers were reputed to live. Huks didn't like the idea that their enemy was able to move freely among them while they slept, and Huk morale crumpled accordingly.

One of Lansdale's best efforts involved planting rumors about the return of an asuang - a Filipino vampire - to Ilocos Norte. At his urging, a well-known female marketplace soothsayer began spreading the rumor that an asuang had been identified in the neighborhood. One dark night shortly thereafter, some of Ed's men waited quietly beside a jungle trail while a Huk squad moved past them. Scarfing up the last Huk in line, the strike force quickly punctured his jugular, and bled the corpse dry before melting away into the night, leaving the dead man sprawled on the trail. When the slain Huk's buddies returned to look for him and found his drained body, the night no longer seemed so secure. Perhaps an asuang had attacked him? Marketplace rumors now seemed very real and it was several weeks before Huks felt sufficiently secure to venture forth once again after the sun set.

On a broader scale, Lansdale persuaded Magsaysay to adopt another project: EDCOR, the Economic Development Cor-

poration. Huk slogans regularly announced the need of "land for the landless." Why shouldn't the government co-opt the revolution and offer land to those Huks willing to surrender? Lansdale argued. Magsaysay liked the idea and soon arranged for such a program to begin. Government land on the island of Mindanao was set aside where new communities would be built composed of one-third loyal farmers, one-third retired soldiers, and one-third former Huks. Launched in December 1950, the plan provided Huks with land which could eventually become their own, plus seed, work animals, and housing. It was a way, proclaimed Magsaysay, to reeducate Huks "in the democratic, peaceful and productive way of life." Several hundred Huks left the rebel movement and set out for Mindanao. The Philippine government was already doing what the Huk politburo could only promise to do someday in the distant future. "Why should we continue to rebel?" Huks asked. "Let us surrender and take advantage of this opportunity now!" Before long, far across the South China Sea, Malays who had been resettled in new communities by the Brits were asking for electric lights in their new village homes because they had heard through the Asian "bamboo telegraph" that EDCOR communities had them. Lansdale felt that EDCOR was a prize example of psywar in action.

Huks had boycotted the 1949 national elections; their slogans called for "bullets not ballots." As the 1951 election drew closer, Lansdale believed the government had made great gains against the revolution and saw the election as a way to neutralize Huk efforts even further. He forged a "Huk" campaign leaflet which reminded readers of previous widespread cheating by the government in the 1949 election, and called for movement sympathizers to boycott once again. Filipino intelligence agents introduced Lansdale's handiwork into a Huk cell in Manila which they had penetrated. Members of the cell then distributed copies of the broadside throughout the city and carried them far into the north of Luzon. The rebel politburo rebuked the cell for its independent action, but upon further thought adopted the idea and preached it as doctrine from one end of the land to another, identifying the Huk cause with the boycott movement. Lansdale's ploy caused Huks to talk themselves out of participating in the election; they threw away their own votes.

Government-friendly candidates won. Magsaysay's political position was enhanced. In the next election he would become president of that embattled nation perhaps the only leader in its national history who was sincerely devoted to his people's welfare, who was honest and effective. Lansdale was elated. "We had," he said, "a victory in the making." His experiences in the Philippines forever convinced him that psywar was as effective as any other approach to neutralizing rebel insurgencies. He remained an adherent of this practical methodology until his death.

SOF COMBAT DEBRIEF GUNS OF OVAMBOLAND



A burst cracks from the Hispano-Suiza's muzzle, stunning the senses and vaporizing the bush in front of us. Shock waves from the 20mm gun bounce off the Casspir's turret and hammer the ear drums. Oil and burnt powder splatter my face and shirt. The exploding incendiary rounds painfully sear my eyes, like the blinding flash from an arc welder.

Nothing sharpens the nerves or whets the appetite for excitement as does the anticipation of contact. The desert pan that surrounds us stands in stark contrast to the jungles of El Salvador I've humped off and on for the last five years. I'm above the giant Etosha Pan in South West Africa (Namibia), wherein lies an immense, flat sand plain which stretches northward 80 miles to the border with Angola. Called Ovamboland, it's the hunting ground for 101 Battalion, a Reaction Force unit of the South West Africa Territory Force (SWATF). Their prey? SWAPO terrorists (South West Africa People's Organization), whose infiltration from Angola increases when the annual rains swell the muddy oshanas (seasonally flooded pans) from the beginning of December through the end of April.

This region is but one part of the great Kalahari Basin, the largest continuous cover of deep sand on the earth's surface. In South West Africa alone, Kalahari sands overlie more than 78,000 square miles. Although it comprises only eight percent of South West Africa, Ovamboland is the most densely populated part of SWA, containing nearly half the total inhabitants. Overgrazing, mostly by ubiquitous but useless herds of donkeys, has turned once-luxuriant

SOF Tech Editor T&Es 101 Battalion

Text & Photos by Peter G. Kokalis

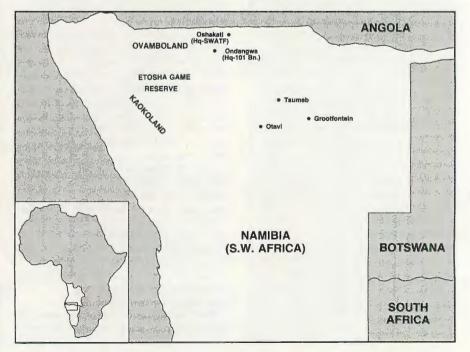
101 Battalion's unit insignia features bird of prey clutching broken Kalashnikov universal symbol of communist terrorism.

grasslands into barren dust bowls. Fertile ground for discontent and recruiting by the minions of Marxism's evil empire.

And they're here, make no mistake about it. In December of 1986, 1,100 SWAPO terrs crossed the border. A total of 846 never lived to see their Russian masters in Luanda again. A similar group trotted down in December of 1987. During the first three months of 1988, 203 had been sent to hell (for a historical perspective on this conflict see "Into Angola," SOF, July '88). Sector 10 of the SWATF, with its HQ in Oshakati — about 30 miles south of the Angolan border — comprises both Kaokoland to the west and Ovamboland. As 90 percent of all SWAPO terrorists are Bantuspeaking Ovambos, there is little SWAPO activity in the mountainous 19,000 square miles of Kaokoland with its sparse population of only 17,000. Ovamboland's 20,000 square miles are the AOR (area of responsibility) of 51, 53 and 54 Infantry Battalions, who run foot patrols throughout the area. Their mobile force, or Romeo Mike (*Reaksie Mag*, which is Afrikaans for Reaction Force) as it's called, is 101 Battalion.

Before deploying with a Romeo Mike team, I was coerced into taking a standard military test conducted by the battalion's RSM (Regimental Sergeant Major). Tests of this type are always held in the officer's club and involve the *testee* attempting to drink more than the *testor* before sliding into a comatose state, while trading insults of an increasingly obscene and personal nature. Although the explicit details will forever remain obscure to me, I apparently passed Parts I and II of the test, as I was eventually led away to spend the night with the RSM and his family after the lieutenants participating in this fracas had collapsed in the BOQ. Part III of the test

Ovamboland, area of operations for 101 Batallion.



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consisted of firing a Hispano-Suiza 20mm automatic cannon the next day, without ear protection, and attempting to synchronize the pulses of the hangover with the rhythm of the gun. War is hell.

The 101 Battalion, with its HQ in Ondangwa (about 18 miles southeast of Oshakati), was established in January, 1976 as 1 Ovambo Battalion. Its current commander is Colonel Leon Marias. Originating out of the home guard concept, it was little more than company-size in strength. Formal training was first conducted in 1977 at 21 Battalion in Johannesburg. In January of 1978, the unit's name was changed to 35 Battalion and its mission was primarily relegated to a training function. By October of 1978 only one company was actively engaged in combat operations. While the soldiers were all Ovambos during this time frame, all other ranks, from lance corporal up, were whites. Today, 80 percent of the platoon sergeants and one of the company commanders are Ovambos. Ovambos move upward into the battalion's command structure as fast as they are trained and qualified to do so. Because of its Ovambo ethnicity, almost all training activities take place within the battalion itself. Some of the Ovambo troopers are ex-SWAPO, most of whom have proven to be reliable and dedicated to the struggle against communist incursion into their homeland. One I spoke to was a former SWAPO political commissar, who now has four years of service in 101 Battalion.

Some SWAPO cadre are less amenable to conversion, however. After capturing a SWAPO terr, one of the battalion's teams returned to their company base in the bush and placed him in a prisoner compound nothing more than a sandbagged trench. Communication with HQ in Ondangwa revealed that he was a high-ranking SWAPO political commissar. The Casspir team was instructed to preserve this valuable intelligence asset at all cost and escort him immediately to the battalion. Charging back to the trench, they found the commissar dead with his fist clenched and one finger outstretched in the universal symbol of defiance. Using an undetected knife, he had slit his own throat.

Candidates for enlistment in 101 Battalion must be Ovambos. Prior to enlistment, they must pass a series of physical fitness tests, including a 10-kilometer forced march. They must also possess a basic knowledge of tracking and bush survival. As a consequence, urbanized Ovambos, who have usually lost most of these tribal skills, are rarely selected.

After enlistment, recruits commence a one-year probationary period, during which time they participate in an intensive infantry basic training course. Subjects covered include counterinsurgency tactics, platoon weapons and some fairly elementary training in driving, communications and first aid. After successful completion of the oneyear course, advanced specialized training is offered on such topics as 20mm automatic cannon, mortars, antitank warfare and advanced driving techniques. Everyone attends an advanced counterinsurgency course, which is unique to this unit as it is oriented around its specific AOR. Combat medical skills are stressed throughout the training cycles.

Incentives for enlistment are twofold. Unemployment is a chronic problem in Ovamboland, and a career in the battalion provides a stable source of income. Depending upon length of service and time in

BELOW: Some Casspir turrets are equipped with twin L3s — an open-bolt firing version of the Browning M1919A4 chambered for 7.62x51mm NATO cartridge.



ABOVE: SOF's Technical Editor holds folding-stock Soviet AK-47 captured from SWAPO terrorists by 101 Battalion's Team 18. Note early slab-sided magazine.



Its turret gun temporarily removed for repairs, this Casspir MPV travels on patrol with its MAG GPMG on deck.

grade, soldiers earn an average of 600 to 700 rand per month (at .41 U.S. dollars per rand, that's \$246 to \$287). Finally, service in 101 Battalion is a positive means of retaliation against the SWAPO terrorists who have ravaged and murdered throughout all the Ovambo villages.

In September of 1980, the battalion's mission was restructured to emphasize combat operations, and the unit's name was changed to 101 Battalion. In 1982, the Romeo Mike concept was initiated using the Buffel Mine Protected Vehicle (MPV). However, suppressive fire is limited to no more than twin-mounted L3s (SADF designation for the Armscor MG4, a modified Browning M1919A4 machine gun in caliber 7.62x51mm NATO — See "Veldt Veteran," SOF, September '88) with this vehicle.

In July 1982, 101 Battalion received twelve Casspir Mk 2 MPVs, a vast improvement over the Buffel, and 901 Special Service Company (the designation in this battalion for a company-sized mobile strike force) was established. The 903 Special Service Company followed in September of that year, and 902 and 904 Special Service Companies were added to 101 Battalion rolls in April 1984.

Casspir Mk 2 MPVs are powered by a six-cylinder, 170-hp diesel engine mated to a five-speed manual transmission and two-speed transfer case. They have a maximum road speed of 60 mph and an operational range of 500 miles. The engine, transmission and fuel tank of these four-wheeled vehicles are contained within the all-welded steel hull. The unitary armored hull will withstand penetration of small arms fire up to 7.62×51 mm NATO ball, as well as rifle grenade and mortar fragments. A 200-liter potable water tank in the hull's bottom serves only the troops, and does nothing to enhance protection against mines.

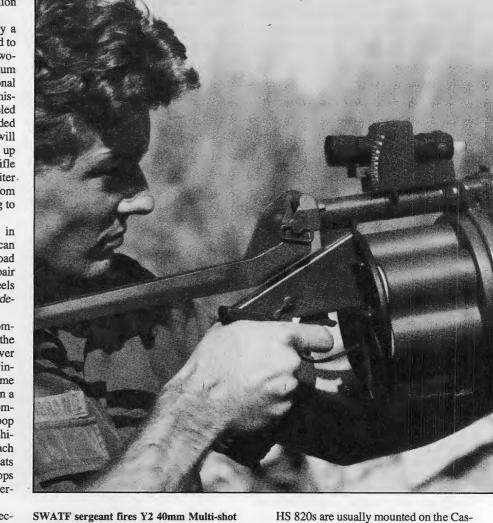
Mines are an everyday occurrence in Ovamboland, and the Casspir's hull can handle a Soviet TM-57 and be on the road again after no more than two hours of repair time, since only the axles and/or wheels need to be replaced. This vehicle was *designed* for quick axle changes.

The driver sits on the right, with the commander/gunner to his left. Access to the turret is by means of a central hatch over their positions. Their side and front windows, 2.2 inches thick, provide the same degree of protection as the hull. An L3 in a ball-joint mount is attached to the commander/gunner's front window. The troop compartment extends to the rear of the vehicle, and up to 10 troops can sit, five on each side facing each other, on individual seats with four-point safety harnesses. The troops enter and leave the vehicle via two powerassisted, remote-controlled rear doors.

There are six firing ports and three rectangular bulletproof windows on each side of the hull. Useful only for suppressive fire, the firing ports are never used. They reduce the rifleman's hit probability and increase the possibility of an accidental discharge within the vehicle. Casspirs have open roofs, and the troops fire their South African-manufactured R4 Galil-type assault rifles (See "Great Galils," SOF, September '88) from the roof by standing on their seats. This not only increases hit probability, but also protects the upper torso from PG-7 shaped-charge grenade fragments which can penetrate the Casspir's hull and ricochet about within the vehicle's interior.

In September of 1984, the first Hispano-Suiza HS 820 20mm automatic cannons were mounted on the turrets of 101 Battalion Casspirs. The HS 820 is one of the most successful 20mm guns ever produced. It has been manufactured by a number of countries throughout the world and used for a large variety of tasks. Operating by lockedbreech blowback and firing from the openbolt position, the cyclic rate is 1,000 rpm, and its ground-to-ground suppressive-fire capability is excellent.

I fired both 20x139mm HEI (High Explosive Incendiary) and HEI-T (High Explosive Incendiary Tracer) ammunition through a turret-mounted HS 820 during my brief deployment with 101 Battalion. Both



SWATF sergeant fires Y2 40mm Multi-shot Grenade Launcher (MGL), one of which is in every Casspir MPV. Although too heavy for humping on foot, it provides mechanized troops with 18 rounds per minute and maximum effective range of 400 meters.

are filled with Hexal P30, which delivers both a strong blast and powerful incendiary effect, along with excellent fragmentation of the projectile body. The impactdetonated fuse has a self-destruct time of four to 12 seconds.

HEI or HEI-T 20x139mm ammunition is superior to .50-caliber ball for antipersonnel applications, because it disperses numerous fragments into an area pattern often referred to as the "Effective Casualty Radius." This is defined as the distance from the point of detonation at which a certain percentage of exposed personnel will be casualties. Unfortunately, there is no consensus as to what constitutes the proper percentage of casualties to be used in the definition. Some authorities and governments use 20 percent and others up to 50 percent. Furthermore, the orientation of the projectile's long axis at the moment of detonation will affect its wounding capability. Finally, in most instances this information, if it has even been determined, is classified. Nevertheless, 20mm guns can wreak awesome destruction upon unprotected troops.

HS 820s are usually mounted on the Casspir's turret, coaxial with either an L3 or Browning .50-caliber M2 HB machine gun. Other configurations I encountered were twin L3s, twin .50-caliber M2 HBs and an L3 coaxial with Ma Deuce.

Everyone in the Casspir is issued an R4 assault rifle. Each Casspir has a MAG GPMG and a Y2 40mm Multi-shot Grenade Launcher (MGL). The MGL, a sixcylinder, revolver-type weapon, fires M406-type, high-low propulsion 40mm grenades. Its double-action firing mechanism is not linked to the cylinder. Cylinder advance is controlled by a gas-operated plunger, which is actuated when a round is fired. It's equipped with a single-point gunsight, and its maximum effective range is 400 meters. At almost 12 pounds, empty, it's a bit too heavy for the infantry, but mechanized troops can put its practical rate of fire of 18 rounds per minute to good use in the bush.

Each team in 101 Battalion's Special Service Companies consists of four Casspirs and one Kwevoel 50 logistic vehicle, which carries supplies and spare tires (in supplement of the two spares on each Casspir Mk 2). Casspirs do not use "run-flat" tires (used on the Ratel AFV and G5/G6 artillery, these tires feature inserts which allow the vehicle to be driven for 30 kilometers at a speed of 25 km/h on a hard



surface with one or more tires flat) as they cannot be repaired in the field, and punctures from small tree stubs are a constant menace. Nor are tires any longer filled with water, as experience demonstrated this was of no benefit for mine protection. There are three teams in each Special Service Company, with 32 to 40 members in each team (approximately 10 men per Casspir).

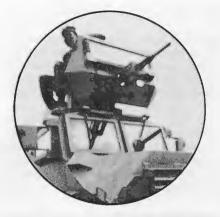
The firepower capabilities of these teams is outstanding. Each team is equipped with two Hispano-Suiza HS 820s, four windowmounted L3s, two twin-L3s or .50-caliber M2 HBs (single or twin) and L3s or Ma Deuces for coaxial mounting with the HS 820s, four MAGs, four 40mm MGLs, two RPG-7s and two 60mm M4 Mk1 patrol mortars, in addition to individual weaponry (the R4 rifle and 9mm Parabellum pistols for vehicle commanders).

Manufactured by Armscor, the 60mm M4 Mk1 patrol mortar weighs only 15.5 pounds. With a range of 100 to 2,000 meters, it will fire any NATO-standard ammunition. Its barrel hinges in one plane only on the interchangeable breechpiece for quick and accurate aiming, with remarkable stability for so light a mortar. The M4 breechpiece has a trigger mechanism which enables the operator to walk with a bomb in the barrel. If the fixed firing pin is installed or the M4 Mk1 breechpiece substituted, the mortar is fired by conventional muzzle-end

loading. A clamp-on handgrip incorporates a special sight with all data needed (range, elevation and charge) engraved on the face plate. This is, in my opinion, the ultimate lightweight mortar, with a wide range of applications for special ops units.

But no matter how superb the equipment, its proper tactical application is the cutting edge between success and failure in a count-

BELOW: Two Casspirs in every team are equipped with the RPG-7V; Arabic markings on PG-7 warhead indicate Syrian manufacture. Note trooper with South African antipersonnel rifle grenade constructed by using body of M26 hand grenade and attaching it to base fuze assembly and finned tail unit.



ABOVE: Casspir MPV equipped with Hispano-Suiza HS 820 20mm automatic cannon, which fires HEI and HEI-T rounds, and tandem-mounted 7.62x51mm NATO L3.





South African 60mm M4 Mk 1 patrol mortar as manufactured by LEW, weighs only 15.5 pounds and will fire any NATO-standard ammunition, has range of 100 to 2,000 meters. Two Casspirs in every team are issued the M4 Mk 1.

erinsurgency. Area domination is 101 Batallion's primary mission. Incessant patrolling operations are its *raison d'etre*. Deploying with Team 18 permitted me to observe a typical patrol scenario.

Tracking is an all-important skill for successfully patrolling the desert pans of Ovamboland. Although the Himba tribesmen may be superior in mountainous terrain, no one can best an Ovambo tracker on sand and hard ground. Every trooper in the team is a tracker. Ovambos begin their study of tracking as children in the *kraal* (village). Military courses in this subject sharpen their ability to distinguish between individual tracks with the same certainty as fingerprint identification.

With the Casspirs moving forward at five to six mph and several trackers out front on foot, the other troopers scrutinize the ground from the windows and roof of the vehicles. Suspicious spoors are tracked to the kraal, and the local pops (populations) are questioned. If terrs are identified, the team will surge forward, moving back and forth across the spoor. Teams to the rear are notified and will begin to leapfrog with the lead team, as much as 10 clicks a jump. When the spoor is no more than 60 minutes old, the Alouette helicopter gun ships are called into the operation. If the terrs are sighted, the Alouette's 20mm automatic cannon will shred the bush, hoping to force the SWAPO group into a fatal confrontation with the Casspirs.



PG-7 antitank grenades will penetrate the Casspir MPV's unitary armored hull. Note fragment splatter on left window; shaped charge's collapsed copper cone punched hole above right window.

After contact, which usually occurs at a distance of between 25 to 100 meters, the Casspirs will circle the enemy at top speed to avoid hits from an RPG-7. To snare any of the quarry attempting to slip out of the net, the circumference of the circling movement is constantly enlarged. Romeo Mike troops fight on wheels, effectively utilizing the protection and mobility of their MPVs. They do not disembark and deploy from the ground as do U.S. Army mechanized infantry.

In the bush, each team sets up an NDP (Night Defensive Position) by placing their vehicles in a five-pointed star pattern. Team members are not supposed to leave the inner perimeter formed by the rear end of their vehicles at any time during the night. The consequences of moving outside the NDP can be severe. In one instance a troopie who awoke to relieve himself, groggily walked away from the vehicles instead of toward the center. Upon his return, he was blown away by the other members of his team.

How successful are the Romeo Mike's tactics of tracking and mobile encirclement? In 1987, 101 Battalion killed 257 SWAPO terrorists, captured 38 equipment caches and lifted 206 anti-vehicle mines and 193 antipersonnel mines. With a frequency of contact of up to three times a day, the battalion has maintained a casualty ratio heavily in their favor — ranging from 5:1 to 23:1 and in some instances as many as 100 terrorists snuffed to one member of the battalion.

An examination of the cache material and mines points to a conspicuous trail leading directly back to the Soviet Union and its Eastern European cohorts — with only two somewhat surprising exceptions. In small arms, the Kalashnikov, of course, predominates. Both AK-47s and AKMs with the following origins have been captured: USSR, Hungary (including the short-barreled AMD-65), Bulgaria, East Germany, Rumania, a very few from Yugoslavia (M70B1 and M70AB2 with grenade launching potential), North Korea, the People's Republic of China, and the Vz 58 series from Czechoslovakia.

Although only a few SKS rifles from the Soviet Union and PRC have been captured, the Yugoslav M59/66A1, with its spigottype grenade launcher permanently attached to the muzzle, is a SWAPO favorite. The RPG-7 can be faulted by virtue of its large visual and audible muzzle signature, compelling the operator to move quickly immediately after firing in order to avoid detection. On the other hand, rifle grenades can be launched from the deep bush with little chance their point of origin will be located. To launch M60 antitank or antipersonnel grenades from the M59/66A1 rifle, the operator must cut off the piston's gas supply by pressing the gas valve and rotating it to the top of the gas cylinder. A ballistite (blank) cartridge must be used for grenade launching, and one comes packed in the Yugoslav grenade's tail boom. If ball ammunition is used, the grenade will explode on the launcher. The average SWA-PO terrorist is close to brain dead when it comes to even the most rudimentary technical competence, and no doubt several have vaporized themselves in this manner.

A small number of both the Soviet boltaction Mosin-Nagant and Dragunov (SVD) sniper rifles have been captured from SWA-PO terrorists. In some instances the Dragunov's PSO-1 scope and mount have been missing. South African technical intelligence personnel who have evaluated the Dragunov are not impressed with its accuracy potential (no better than three MOA). Mosin-Nagant M1944 carbines were occasionally encountered early on in the conflict.

Submachine guns are also uncovered in caches, apparently stashed long ago. They include the entire Czech Vz 23/24/25/26 series, the M61(j) — a Yugoslav version of the Czech Skorpion, Soviet PPSh-41 and PPS-43 and the Polish Model 1943-52 (PPS-43 with wooden stock and longer receiver).

Pistols taken from SWAPO political commissars include Soviet, Hungarian and PRC versions of the Tokarev TT-33, Soviet and East German Makarovs and the Czech Vz 24 (predecessor of the blowback Vz 27, but in caliber .380 ACP and with a rotary locking barrel).

Squad-type machine guns employed by SWAPO are all of ComBloc origin. Originally they used DP, DPM, and RP46 LMGs, plus the occasional SGM. The following now prevail: RPDs, both Soviet and Chinese; RPKs from the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia (M72B1 and folding-stock M72AB1); M53 (Yugoslav version of the German World War II caliber 7.92x57mm MG42 GPMG); and both the Soviet PKM and PKT (solenoid-fired, coaxial variant) GPMGs.

In portable rocket launchers, the Sovietmade RPG-7V is dominant. Although issued with the PGO-7 optical sight and a complete maintenance and spare parts kit, these components are usually discarded by the SWAPO terrorists before they cross into South West Africa. No RPG-7Ds (folding version) have been encountered. PG-7 and PG-7M HEAT grenades are supplied by the Soviet Union, Bulgaria and Syria. OG-7 antipersonnel grenades are also fielded by SWAPO, but to a lesser extent. At present, RPG-2s are no longer found with any frequency. During a recent contact, 101 Battalion troops engaged 20 terrs who were carrying 18 Czech RPG-75s (a variant of the Soviet RPG-18, which in turn was copied from the U.S. M72).

Hand grenades that I examined included the Soviet F1 (and PRC Type 1), Soviet RGD-5, Soviet RG-42 (and PRC Type 42), Yugoslav M69 (egg-shaped with 4.5second delay fuze), PRC stick grenades in various configurations, the Hungarian M42 stick grenade and the so-called Soviet M75.

The M75 is supposed to be a *copy* of the Austrian Arges Type HdGt 73 fragmentation grenade. It contains 2,600 steel-balls, varying in size from .086 to .109-inch, set in a plastic matrix. Upon detonation, the plastic matrix disintegrates and the pellets

101 Battalion Romeo Mike Team 18 on patrol in Ovamboland.



are driven outward at almost 6,000 fps. Because of their spherical shape, the balls lose velocity rapidly. Although 100-percent lethality is assured within five meters, by 20 meters velocity has fallen so low that the casualty capability is virtually zero. The outer skin of this grenade is a sprayed thermoplastic synthetic with a waffle pattern.

The explosive filler weighs 1.3 ounces and consists of granular PETN (pentaerythritol tetranitrate) blended with sufficient light grease to make it putty-like and moldable. PETN is a high-velocity explosive of considerable brisance (shattering effect) and has a detonation rate on the order of 20,000 fps. Stable under typical ambient conditions, PETN is more easily detonated than TNT.

Both the PETN explosive filler and the Bouchon-type igniter system (with a threeto four-second time delay) appear to be of Bulgarian origin. As a result of X-ray analysis, South African technical intelligence sources are now convinced that the body itself is manufactured by ARGES (Armaturen-Ges.m.b.H.) in neutral Austria through the subterfuge of merely changing the two molded identification markings on the surface of the outer skin.

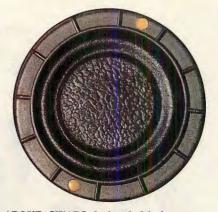
Soviet-manufactured RKG-3 and RKG-3M antitank grenades are occasionally employed by SWAPO terrorists. These large stick grenades have a shaped charge which will penetrate 125mm and 165mm of armor plate, respectively, each with an instantaneous impact fuze. They are stabilized in flight by a small, four-panel parachute which pops out of the handle when the grenade is thrown. Since they're handpropelled, they must be thrown from an almost suicidal distance to the target vehicle, and their velocity is so slow that hit probability on a moving target is extremely low.

SWAPO terrs rarely trudge across the border with equipment that is not readily man-portable, but sometimes larger weapons systems will make their way into South West Africa. Examples include the Soviet 82mm B-10 recoilless gun with both HEAT and fragmentation warheads, GRAD-P (DKZ-B) 122mm rockets fired from a light single tube, PRC 75mm Type 52 recoilless rifles (a copy of the U.S. M20) with U.S. and PRC ammunition, Soviet SA-7 surface-to-air missiles, Soviet ZPU-1 14.5mm KPV heavy machine guns, Soviet 30mm AGS-17 automatic grenade launchers, Yugoslav M-57 and PRC Type 63 60mm mortars, a new version of the Soviet 82mm M-37 mortars and on very rare occasions, the 12.7x107mm Degtyarev Model 38/46 heavy machine gun.

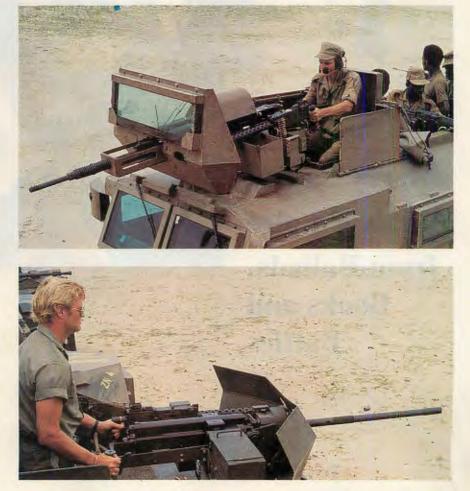
Mines are the manna upon which terrorism feeds. No weapon I have encountered in more than a quarter century on the world's battlefields is more repulsive and indiscriminate. Every soldier and civilian within a combat zone lives in horror of their potential to maim and destroy without warning. With the world's trendy-left media solidly entrenched against the Republic of South Africa, there has been no attempt to disguise the communist origin of these cruel devices. No need in South Africa, as in El Salvador, to feign an indigenous spontaneity to the revolution. With one disgusting exception, all of the mines I examined were gifts from comrade Gorbachev and his communist cronies.

Just about every ComBloc mine that has ever been manufactured has been encountered at one time or another in South West Africa. Antipersonnel mines play particular havoc with the civilian population in a coun-

BELOW: Casspir MPV armed with a Hispano-Suiza HS 820 20mm automatic cannon and coaxially mounted L3. Another L3 is mounted in ball-joint mount attached to the commander's front window, providing the Casspir with impressive firepower.



ABOVE: SWAPO-deployed, 3-inch diameter, Valsella VS Mk 2 mechanical antipersonnel mine recovered by SADF troopies. Such devices are especially insidious as they harm more civilians than combatants ... but then that's what *terrorism* is all about.



Some Casspirs are now equipped with new short-barreled version of Oerlikon GA1-type 20mm automatic cannon. This one, with a coaxial L3, is manned by member of SWA Pol Tin (South West Africa Police Counterinsurgency Unit) whose group crossed paths with Team 18 in operations area.

terinsurgency conflict, and those walking across the oshanas may detonate any of the following: Soviet POMZ-2 and POMZ-2M stake mines (or their Czech PP-Mi-Sk and Yugoslav PMR-1/2 equivalents), any of the numerous Soviet PMD-6/7 and PMD-57 series wooden box mines, the duroplastic Soviet PMN with a rubber cover over its pressure plate, the neoprene-covered East German PPM-2 and the plastic Yugoslav PMA-3.

Worst of all is a small, non-metallic antipersonnel mine with electronic circuitboard ignition and a mercury switch that serves as an anti-lift device. Once activated, the slightest movement will roll a drop of mercury in a glass vial against two wires to detonate the mine. Called the VS Mk 2-E, it, as well as the mechanically initiated VS

Continued on page 72

SOF SOLDIER OF FORTUNE Barry Sadler Builds Empire from Ballads, Books and Battles

THE ETERNAL!

THE ETERNAL MERCENAR

Sallads, oks and Battles ETERNAL MERCENARY

Text & Photos by Gene Scroft

THE stranger made him nervous — he began to sweat. At first he didn't know why, but it quickly dawned on him that the man sitting next to him looked *exactly* like the man pictured on the cover of the book he was reading — *Casca: The Eternal Mercenary.*

The businessman had bought the book for some light reading during the long domestic flight but never imagined that the hero of the book — an immortal Roman centurion who finds himself involved in some of the greatest battles in history — would be sit-

MERC INTERVIEWER

SOF's roving combat correspondent Gene Scroft is a West Pointer with official tours in the 75th Rangers and 82nd Airborne. After his official tour in the Army, his *un*official tours on assignment for SOF have taken Scroft to most of the hotspots in the world, including Lebanon, Afghanistan, the Philippines and Central America. ting right next to him.

At first, only curious, he asked his hardlooking and rather serious seatmate if he had ever read the Casca books.

"No sir, I don't think that I have."

Unsatisfied, he continued to probe. "What do you do for a living?"

The stranger hesitated for a moment and then replied, "Well, I've done some soldiering in my time."

The businessman became very uncomfortable. Though he knew it was impossible, he couldn't escape the feeling that he was sitting next to the eternal mercenary. When the plane landed he was only too happy to distance himself from the mysterious stranger.

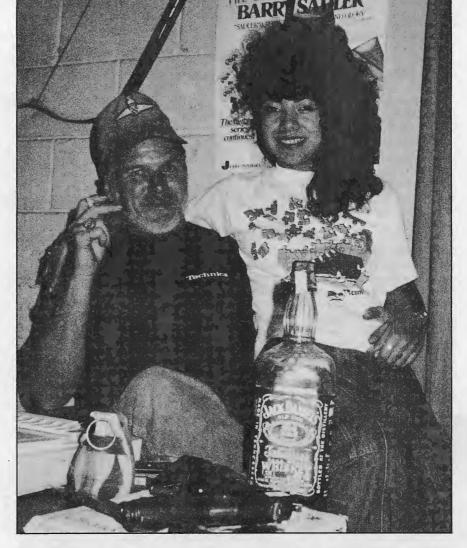
Barry Sadler burst out laughing as soon as the businessman was out of earshot. He had played that guy like a fiddle. Sadler is the *author* of the Casca series, all 23 of them, and the publishers used his likeness for the Casca character on the cover. Barry admits that as an author of fiction he is in the business of myth, and that making someone think, perhaps for the rest of his life, that Casca is alive and well and flying in coach class is good for business — besides appealing to his own one-of-a-kind sense of humor.

Barry's first claim to fame is the song "The Ballad of the Green Berets," which he wrote in 1963 while serving in the Army's Special Forces. The song overtook Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots are Made for Walking" as the nation's number one song, and his album quickly turned platinum.

Though only 23 when he wrote the song, Barry realized early that fame was fleeting. "I knew something was wrong when after a chauffeur-driven limo brought me to my concerts, I had to flag down a taxi to get back to the airport." He would often bring his audience in on the joke by starting his concerts with the announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to do a medley of my hit."

Barry is truly proud of the Special Forces, and his song is dedicated to the men who served their ranks, but he takes all of the fame and hoopla in stride. "Few people realize," he explains, "that 'The Ballad of the Green Berets' was written in a whorehouse in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, while I was on leave from SF medical training in Fort Sam Houston Texas."

Barry, in his usual self-deprecating manner, told me how he got involved in Special Forces. "It was during jump school. We were told that we would get the afternoon



Barry hard at work on a new novel in his Guatemala home. His girfriend, Maggie, provides needed inspiration, and the Jack Daniels provides the relaxation. Research material and tools of the adventurer's trade are always kept within reach. That hand grenade is no paperweight.

MERCENAR

SADLER SHOOTING

At the beginning of *Casca: The Eternal Mercenary*, Casca is carried into a field hospital in Vietnam, suffering from a serious head wound and not expected to live. In a strange case of life imitating art, Casca's creator, Barry Sadler, is now fighting for his own life, after sustaining a wound nearly identical to that of his mythical hero.

On the night of 7 September 1988, a taxi driver rushed Barry Sadler to a hospital in Guatemala City. Sadler had been shot in the head and was unconscious.

Initial reports were so fragmented that all the possible theories — assassination, murder, accident, robbery — had adherents, but SOF now believes the shooting was accidental and selfinflicted.

Long-time friend and business partner Ben Rosson — the American sniper on whom Sadler based his book *Phu Nam* says it happened as follows:

Rosson and Sadler, business partners in Guatemala City, had been drinking all afternoon and evening in a restaurant. After dinner, Rosson left with a friend and Sadler stayed.

Later, Sadler entered a taxi driven by a Guatemalan national known to him and asked to be taken home. En route, Sadler spotted a Guatemalan woman he knew and had the driver pull over. Sadler offered her a ride, and she got into the rear seat. Sadler was in a right front seat.

According to the two Guatemalans, Sadler pulled out his pistol, a Beretta Model 84 .380 ACP, and was horsing around with it, waving it around. The driver became nervous and at one point asked Sadler to put the pistol away. Shortly after that the gun discharged, with the round entering Sadler's head at right front and exiting out the left top, lodging in the headliner of the taxi. The driver immediately rushed Sadler to the hospital. Initially, he was not expected to survive. SOF arranged for an air ambulance to fly down to Guatemala City to transfer Sadler to a hospital in Nashville, Tennessee. He is currently being treated there and is still in a coma.

Rosson says standard Guatemalan police practice in shooting incidents is that everyone goes to jail. Both the driver and the female passenger were questioned extensively by Guatemalan police and military intelligence representatives. The results of the questioning and the physical evidence (bullet in the headliner; cartridge case on the floor; blood on the right side of the driver, the female passenger and at the bottom of all windows, indicating that the windows were rolled up at the time) established that the shooting was accidental.

SOF will keep you up to date on Barry Sadler's condition. off if we took the Special Forces examination. Hell, I didn't know what Special Forces was, but an afternoon off seemed like a good idea at the time."

After his SF tour, where he served as an A-team medic in Vietnam, Barry began to write novels, as well as continuing his singing career. His first novel was called *Moi* (Vietnamese for animal), later retitled *Cry Havoc*, and won the West Coast Literary Review silver medal for best first novel.

A man of adventure, Barry wasn't completely satisfied with the literary and entertainment fields, so he struck out and did some military training, bounty hunting and even spent some time in the Nashville sheriff's department.

As do most men who refuse to acquiesce to the mundane, Barry has had to pay his dues. In 1982, he killed a man named Emerson in Nashville. Emerson, who had an extensive criminal record, had threatened Barry with a pistol on several occasions over a girl Barry was seeing. One day he made one threat too many. During a confrontation, he quickly reached behind his back — and Barry instinctively drew his .38 and shot him right between the eyes. "A damn good shot," according to Barry. It was later determined that Emerson was reaching for his car keys rather than a pistol.



ABOVE: Barry with some Guatemalan soldiers. The two knives pictured were designed especially for Barry. Known as the SAR, the assault rifle shown is the short-barreled version of the 5.56x45mm Galil ARM, which Guatemala purchased from Israel when U.S. military aid was cut in 1977.



ABOVE: Barry clowns for the camera while test firing a Hispano-Suiza 20mm automatic cannon, one of the many weapons he has for sale.

RIGHT: Among his many other activities, Barry uses his experience as a Special Forces medic to help villagers in Guatemala.

Oh well, better safe than sorry.

Barry recalls that his agent had told him the day before the shooting that he needed more publicity and that when he later called him in jail he said, "Damn Barry, that's not exactly what I had in mind."

Sadler was sentenced to 10 years, but when the judge learned of Mr. Emerson's outstanding record of citizenship and the prior threats on Barry's life, the sentence was reduced to only 30 days. On his first day in jail he was asked by a cellmate what he was in for. When told that it was murder, the latter's eyes got real big and he took a couple of steps back.



"Wow man, how long did ya get?"

"Thirty days."

"Shiiit, I got three years for ripping off a CB."

When Barry was released for good behavior after only 22 days, all his mystified cellmate could do was shake his head and mumble under his breath. I doubt if he ever figured that one out.

After his release, Barry headed for Guatemala and linked up with an old Vietnam buddy named Ben Rosson, who had been an SF sniper in Vietnam and who had been doing merc work from Rhodesia to Afghanistan since his days in Vietnam. Barry has known Ben for 25 years, and they formed a business partnership in Guatemala. When asked what type of business they are in, Ben only replies, "We do some buy'n and some sell'n." What he doesn't say is that they buy and sell everything from uniform material to heavy weapons.

This diversity can, at times, cause confusion. During one meeting that I observed in the Don Quijote restaurant and bar, a favorite Guatemalan hangout for adventurers of all types (see page 37), Ben, using a French Canadian named Andre as an interpreter, met with a man who supposedly had Kalashnikovs for sale.

Ben asked the standard questions. "How old are these things?"

The salesman only looked confused.

"Are these ChiCom or Warsaw Pact?"

The salesman began to sweat.

Frustrated, Ben just gave up. "Hell Andre, this guy is as dumb as kitty litter. I don't want to do business wth him."

It took Andre about five more minutes to calm the nervous salesman down and determine that he was there to sell shoes to their uniform business, not weapons. It was obvious by the way that he ran out of the bar that the shoe salesman was out of his elêment when weapons were discussed. Ben laughed about that one for days.

In the rough and tumble arms business, competition can be tough. Barry was recently involved in a helicopter sale to a South American country where his biggest competition came from an Israeli arms merchant.

When it looked like Barry was going to get the contract, he started to receive threatening phone calls at odd hours in the morning. Having no doubt as to who was making the calls, he and Ben arranged a meeting with the Israeli. When accused of being the source of the calls, the Israeli, not surprisingly, denied everything.

Not inhibited in the least by the crowded Sheraton Hotel restaurant, Ben placed his Beretta .380 ACP on the table and told the SOB that he was going to kill him right then and there. The Israeli just about dirtied himself. He had been intimidating timid businessmen with threats for years and wasn't used to having the tables turned, especially by men who meant it when they said they were going to kill him. Using the classic "good guy, bad guy" routine, Barry

Continued on page 79

SOF BAR BEAT

WHERE THE MERCS ARE

Suds, Studs and Duds in Guatemala City's Bar Don Quijote

by Jack McGraw Photos by Gene Scroft



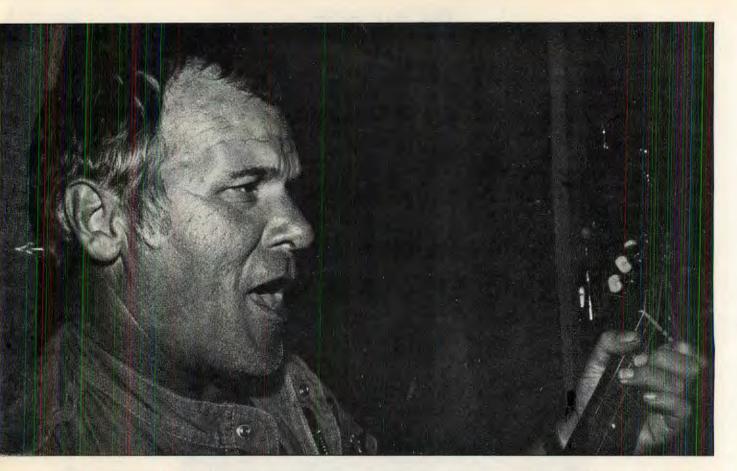
MERICAN country music comes drifting out of a bar next to the Bank of America on downtown Guatemala City's 11th Street. Inside the Bar Don Quijote, a powerfully-built man in a Soldier of Fortune T-shirt and an El Salvador military cap is perched on a bar stool strumming a guitar and singing — first "Seven Spanish Angels," then "Bobbie Magee," and "Red River Valley."

When he switches to "Ruby, Don't Take

VOICE FROM DOWN UNDER

Jack McGraw is an Australian sportswriter who spent several years kicking around Central America, eventually gravitating to Guatemala City's cantina de los mercenarios, otherwise known as the Bar Don Quijote. Barry Sadler (with guitar) and Ben Rosson sing "Seven Spanish Angels" in Guatemala City's Bar Don Quijote. The poster in the background advertises Sadler's Casca book series; green beret hanging from poster belongs to Rosson, Sadler's longtime friend and business partner.

Your Love to Town," the tall guy on the next stool joins in and the tone of their voices drops a little, as if out of sympathy for old



comrades who did their patriotic chores in crazy Asian wars and paid the price.

Veterans of many wars and of many nationalities gravitate to this bar — Korea and Vietnam vets, even a few from World War II, mercenaries who have fought in Angola, Rhodesia, Algeria, Afghanistan, others who are fighting for pay or looking for work today in Nicaragua, El Salvador, or right here in the Republic of Guatemala. And, for some of them, Bar Don Quijote is their only address. Some people call it "la cantina de los mercenarios."

But the bar attracts a much wider clientele, including some retired bullfighters, and some present-day ones, one of whom happens to be a woman. There are also merchant seamen, pilots, traders, manufacturers, and money changers.

The bar is set in what used to be the courtyard of a grand old house built last century in the Spanish colonial style. The walls are decorated with lots of green ferns, posters by Picasso and Miro, bullfight and tourist posters, and one poster for Barry Sadler's series of novels about Casca, the Eternal Mercenary. The face on the poster is that of the man with the guitar, posing as his own fictional hero.

There is a green beret hanging from one corner of the poster's frame. It belongs to Ben Rosson, the real-life alter ego of another of Sadler's fictional heroes, Jim Rossen, the shooter in his novel *Phu Nam*. The book has been bought by Hollywood, and filming is planned for later this year.

Rosson and Sadler first met under fire in Vietnam 25 years ago in the U.S. Army Barry Sadler — singer, soldier, novelist sings his song "The Ballad of the Green Berets" in Don Quijote's, known to locals as "la cantina de los mercenarios."

Special Forces, and have been firm friends ever since. Between them they have fought in nine armies, rather more wars, and countless short-term assignments. Today they are also business partners.

Sadler doesn't write songs anymore, and the million dollars he made from "The Ballad of the Green Berets" is long gone, but he is gradually getting rich again. This time from his books, with 23 titles in print and some millions of sales.

Barry doesn't go to war too much these days. "Just enough to keep my hand in and stay in touch," he says. Ben Rosson is often found in this bar too, drinking and maybe singing along with his long-time friend.

Rosson is a sort of prototype of a mercenary soldier — hard and lean, despite a pot belly. One of the U.S. Army's all-time top shooters, at 50 Ben is still much too tough to be trifled with, and behind any sort of firearm, he is still one of the deadliest men in the world. He is also his own favorite clown and sometimes a very funny man.

Rosson worked for pay in Afghanistan, and it didn't amount to much of the CIA's quarter billion annual budget for that country. Today, he's a contractor. He still fights, or rather instructs, or most correctly, demonstrates. These days he and Barry are in the business of selling arms rather than working with them for pay. In January of last year, Rosson had a helicopter shot away from him — his fourth such experience. In this case two shots damaged the rotor, but the pilot, a young Guatemalan air force lieutenant, Sagastume (Ben calls him "Sock-it-to-me"), managed to limp the crippled machine back to base.

The next day a close friend of Rosson's, Jody, collected four rounds in her leg (see "Winning Hearts and Mayans," SOF, November '88). Jody, an Air Commmando Association nurse volunteer, was flying in to evacuate wounded when the helicopter was hit by guerrilla machine gun fire.

Sock-it-to-me's armored seat deflected two rounds, and the co-pilot's seat another three. The rounds that hit Jody were APs and didn't shatter the leg, but it will be some little time before she re-joins her friends at the Bar Don Quijote. The night she was hit, Sock-it-to-me came directly from the military hospital to the bar in his flying suit to commiserate with Ben.

Generally, Guatemalan military officials don't appear here in uniform, but one or two may occasionally be found in civvies talking with Barry and Ben.At their table from time to time there might also be one or several Rhodies — veterans who fought alongside Rosson during the shooter's four year stint in the Rhodesian Army.

John Buff is a Rhodie and a veteran of Vietnam, among other places. Like Rosson and Sadler, he has been wounded several times, the worst when a round entered through the back of his neck and exited through his face — taking some of his features with it. Plastic surgery repaired the damage effectively, but it's not the face John used to see in the mirror. Today John is more likely to be found carrying a camera than a rifle (or maybe both), as he works in the production of TV documentaries. Derek is another Rhodie, and John's brother-inlaw. They are married to Guatemalan sisters, the daughters of an evangelical preacher. Derek, a Belgian, is a veteran of the French Foreign Legion.

Mercenary Larry, one-time Marine, 200 pounds, six foot seven and another sharpshooter, can occasionally be found here, when he is not in Honduras or working in some other Central American country nearby.

A chubby sort of guy named Tex, who looks a bit like Peter Lorre, is around sometimes. When he speaks, the illusion is complete, the strange voice with an edge to it sounds just like Bogey's co-star in the movie "Casablanca." Tex grew up in Texas, met Ben Rosson in Vietnam more than 20 years ago, and just recently ran into him again here in Guatemala City. The Peter Lorre accent is a legacy of six years in the French Air Force Commandos in Algeria. Today Tex describes himself as a consultant — in munitions.

Some of the bar patrons are always armed. (Rosson also occasionally carries a hand grenade — a hangover from an experience in Afghanistan from which he learned that the 13 rounds in his pistol were not likely to be enough). Some are licensed by the Guatemalan army. Some guys wear them, and some check theirs at the bar. The shelf below the bar counter frequently carries quite a collection of .45s and 9mm pistols, and maybe a knife or two.

Old comrades run into each other here, often after gaps of many years, several countries, and maybe a war here or there. Some gatherings are just to talk of old times, faraway places, and old friends. At other times, their language is more guarded as deals are made, men are hired, arms are traded, contracts are negotiated. New friendships are forged here too, many of them spontaneously out of the instant comraderie of shared experience. Jumpers especially, it seems, are born to be friends.

Many of the bar's patrons have a history in elite units — Special Forces, SAS, SEAL Team, CCT, Foreign Legion. Others were just line-of-duty grunts who managed to learn enough to survive and have been putting it to use ever since. Some of these guys are champions — by any test the best at their trade in the world. Others lost it long ago or never had it — but they come here to rub shoulders with the top guns and to refuel their tattered dreams. The usual narcs, spooks and snitches can also be found hanging around hopefully.

Phony bios abound: "I was with the 82nd." "I was in the 101st." They don't fool anybody. Dumbest of all are those who claim: "I was a Green Beret." Rosson is likely to snap: "That's not a man; it's a hat." Or another young merc in his 30s might mutter: "Oh yeah, and I was at Iwo Jima."





TOP: Barry Sadler (with guitar) and Ben Rosson relax with friends in Don Quijote's. Veterans of many wars and nationalities gather here; for some, Bar Don Quijote is their only address.

ABOVE: Ben Rosson, a man who has seen service everywhere from Vietnam to Africa, celebrates in Don Quijote's with his girlfriend, Diana.

But generally the genuine article allows the sham one space for his delusion. After two or three searching questions, the most elaborately constructed fantasy crumbles; the real front-line veterans exchange a tired glance and change the subject.

What keeps these people looking for action as they approach an age when most men are seeking a quiet fireside and a pair of comfortable slippers? Many of them are dedicated anti-communists. "God on Our Side" has always and everywhere been the most comfortable reason for going to war. The mythology of the crusader survives, even though the shining armor has been replaced by camo fatigues.

Most of them claim that they're doing it for the money. Rosson says he's Irish and that the traditional penchant of the race for fighting for money is what got him into the business. But he also says, "If there's so much money in it, like they say, how come there are so few of us doing it?"

Duke, a long-time veteran and old friend of Barry's, now a security consultant in Europe but a frequent visitor to the bar, puts it this way, "The one thing to be said for life out at the edge — it sure ain't crowded. We like it that way."

I put it to a number of mercs that maybe they would not like an article that identified where they are and what they are doing.

"We don't give a damn," Rosson said, "We're happy to have any old friends know where to find us."

"And old enemies?"

"Most of them are dead anyway."



SOF COUNTERINSURGENCY OPS VICTORY ON PANAY

Red Tide Recedes from Philippine Communist Stronghold

Text & Photos by Tom Marks

Patrol elements scurry for chopper lift back to individual positions. Units will often have even sub-squad sized elements deployed at numerous sites so as to blanket an area. Troops at right and left carry M16A1s, while troop in center carries M1918A2 Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR).

T is only 0300, but our day starts with a chuckle. Damp, dirty, and itching with lice, we rise in the blackness to pack our gear. It has been three weeks since the patrol moved into the thick growth of the eastern Panay Mountains; I've been with it only a week.

One of the troops looks around, spreads his arms expansively, and says to the others, "Thank God its Friday!"

Everyone laughs softly. "Yes, we can go dancing," chimes in a second troop. "Or to a party," adds a third. The patrol leader grins, his white teeth flashing in the night, then gives the command, "Move out!"

Five minutes into the march, we have sweated through everything we have on. The liquid air seems to ooze moisture. There is no moon, and I take a branch square in the face. After all my years of humping the bush, I still feel clumsy when around Filipino troops. My companions move easily, following a local guide from the village where we've spent the night.

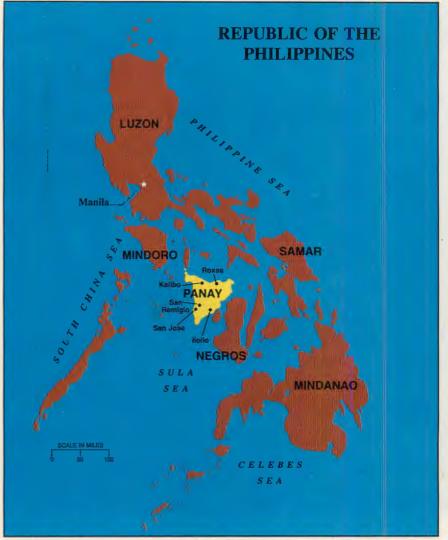


PHILIPPINE ANALYST

Author Tom Marks, a West Point graduate and former military intelligence analyst, is currently a doctoral candidate at the University of Hawaii. Marks' most recent contributions to Soldier of Fortune come from the Philippines and Sri Lanka. Look for more Marks stories on Thailand and Vietnam in upcoming issues of SOF.



Author (left) and Lieutenant Colonel Bobby del Pila (right), CO of 15 IB, one of the three hard-charging battalion commanders who make 302nd Brigade the exceptional unit it is.



When we reach a ford on the river below, the guide says farewell. We begin the grueling trek to the high ground above. For more than an hour we seem to be hauling ourselves straight up. Earlier in the week, I had a fever of 103 degrees. Now I can feel the toll it has taken. Every muscle screams. My head buzzes; my breathing is as in a sauna. Several times, as we pause to rest, clinging to tree trunks to avoid sliding down, I think to myself, "Am I going to make it this time? Or have I finally gotten to the point where I can't just bull my way through the germs?"

Mercifully, the question is never put to the ultimate test because we reach the plateau. I gulp down a few more pills with some water drawn earlier from a mountain village well. It tastes like dirt, but it's cooler than the lowland variety. The longer you're out in the bush, the more you take pleasure in the little gifts that come your way.

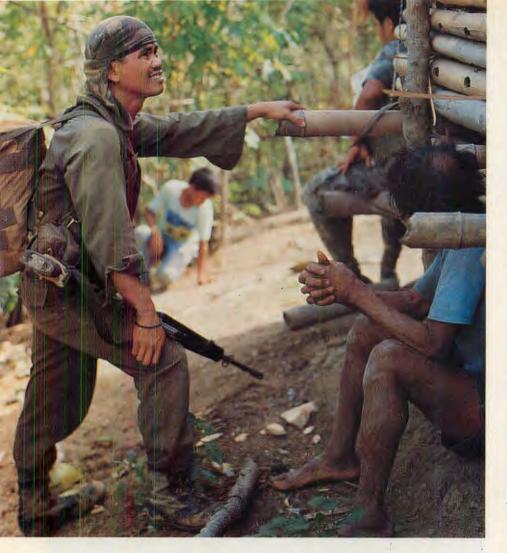
Silently we push on, always making for the high ground. Our patrol, two sections (squads) from Bravo Company, 12th Infantry Battalion (12 IB), moves as two elements, separated but within supporting distance. We advance steadily but cautiously. Out in front of both elements, the point is consistently taken by the same two men, who have a routine down pat. They seem to have eyes in the backs of their heads, and as Panay is but one of dozens of major Philippine Islands. Each major island has its own distinguishing characteristics and each island's insurgency has a unique character.

if that weren't enough, they use binoculars the way some people wear night goggles. Nothing escapes their observation. The troops affectionately refer to them as "Rambo One" and "Rambo Two."

I'm having trouble keeping my attention focused on the march. Even amid the perils of war, it's hard not to become mesmerized by the surroundings. The Philippines are beautiful; the people are decent and good. I feel more at home with Filipino troops than those of any other nation whose troubles I've covered. Thick green landscape, swaying palms ... at times it's easy to confuse Panay with Hawaii.

My watch alarm rings. I keep it set at 1500 — the time practice starts for the cross-country track team I coach in Honolulu — and have neglected to turn it off. In the bustle of the city I don't even hear the tiny beep-beep. Here, on a ridge, it sounds like an airport flight announcement.

Three o'clock in the afternoon on a Thursday, I muse. That means my girls are running in the Punahou Invitational.



They're sweating there, and we're sweating here. Yet I wonder if anyone in the "real world" can imagine what troops like these go through.

At the end of a day's exertions my runners go home, take a shower, have a hot meal, watch some television. The patrol is supposed to be out here for another week a month altogether — of days that end long after dark and begin in the same blackness before the body has even begun to rest, nourished only by hunks of dried squid, days filled with encounters that too often end in sudden, sharp death. All this for less money per month than the average American teenager can earn in a couple of days working at a McDonald's or a Burger King.

Time to stop daydreaming. We push on. The steady breeze is a Godsend; without it we'd suffocate for sure. We pause constantly to survey the surroundings. At a *sitio* (inhabited site smaller than a village, a hamlet in Vietnam), the people say the guerrillas of the New People's Army (NPA) have been through the day before. Tracking them in the vastness is like searching for a needle in a haystack. Again, we march forward.

My body is holding up fairly well, though I'm still weak. The troops, too, are tired, which puts us on a fairly even footing. All save two carry the heavy M14 with its bulky 7.62mm ammo. The remaining duo have M16A1s with M203 grenade launchers Troop armed with M16A1 takes welcome break at a sitio.

attached. Each patrol member carries dozens of fully loaded magazines. To take along even more cartridges, the troops carry belts of M60 ammo which can be broken down and popped into the magazines as the basic loads are depleted.

It's close to 1000 when we reach another sitio and pause for breakfast—rice on banana leaves. I throw in two cans of sausage. The troops go wild. A gourmet meal! Thank God it's Friday.

Competing Strategies

Pick up a major newspaper in the United States to read about the Philippines, and likely as not you'll find yourself involved in a discussion of "Who's winning the war?" Pick up a paper in Manila, and you're hardpressed to figure out there's a war on at all.

This is understandable in a way, for the sheer size of the Philippine archipelago dwarfs the scale of the conflict. Panay, for instance, is but one of dozens of major Philippine islands. Yet its size (more than 12,000 square kilometers) is three-fifths that of El Salvador, and its population (3 million) is about the same as that of Nicaragua. Each major island, though Filipino in culture and ethnicity, has its own distinguishing characteristics (especially a different linguistic mix). Hence, on each island the insurgency has a unique character. It is as if Latin America were plunked down in the western Pacific Ocean: lots of small, separate wars within one larger conflict.

I came to Panay in search of an answer to the "Who's winning?" query. It was a hot topic. On the one hand, there were reports such as the one in a January 1988 issue of the influential British news magazine *The Economist.* It stated that for all practical purposes there no longer was an insurgency, that the guerrillas numbered at best 4,000 rather than the 24,000-26,000 that had been claimed, and that the only people who still maintained the war was a serious matter were the Americans and the Philippine military, both acting out of a narrowminded self-interest. A neat interpretation but a grossly inaccurate one.

At the other end of the scale was the front-page story in a March edition of the *Los Angeles Times.* Citing official U.S. sources, it indicated the days of the Philippine Republic were all but numbered. The piece painted a picture of mushrooming guerrilla strength, inept government performance, and a dangerous slide into the abyss.

What is really going on? Not surprisingly, the truth falls somewhere in between these two extremes. There's a lot of hard fighting to be done. Still, if pushed for a quick and dirty answer, it seems clear that the government is winning. It is doing so because of a superior strategy. Nowhere is that strategy more visible than on Panay. That's why I was there.

Captured documents and prisoners have long since revealed the turmoil created within the Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP), its military arm, the New People's Army (NPA), and its premier facade, the National Democratic Front (NDF), by the overthrow of the corrupt Ferdinand Marcos regime in February 1986. In a single blow, the party was robbed of its greatest recruiting asset. Staggered, the CPP nonetheless was able to make up lost ground during the 60-day ceasefire which began in December 1986 (see "Cease-Fire Maneuvers," SOF, May '87). It emerged from the hiatus greatly strengthened. It was at this point, though, that the CPP/NPA/NDF badly misread the situation.

"What happened," recounts Colonel George Vallejera, a battalion commander on Panay, "was that the communists made a fundamental error. They underestimated the situation. Because they were able to grow 100 percent in the immediate aftermath of February 1986, they thought their moment had come. They therefore pushed for advantage. They began to experiment with more aggressive tactics, in particular in Bicol (in the extreme south of Luzon).

"But they hadn't thought the business through thoroughly. What resulted was that they caused all sorts of problems for the people. And the people reacted very negatively. Who gets hurt if infrastructure is destroyed? Who gets hurt if an area is cut off from Manila? The people turned on them [the communists]. We had a dramatic increase in intelligence. It has never stopped.

"Now there is an internal struggle in the CPP over what stragegy to follow. The hardliners, those who favor the more aggressive stance, appear to have the upper hand over the moderates, those who want to keep organizing. The hardliners look at the examples of Vietnam and Nicaragua, and they think that they have reached strategic stalemate, the phase of insurgency when the guerrillas can battle the government on its own terms and protect 'liberated' territory. But they're not even close, so their tactics are not appropriate to the strategic situation."

Hard-liner tactics emphasized greater urban unrest using the fronts, stepped-up assassinations of government and military personnel using "sparrow squads," and direct attacks upon the national infrastructure and military units using the NPA. The first two elements were principally to preoccupy the government; the latter element was to bring Manila to its knees economically and militarily. In opposition to this approach, moderates clung to tested Maoist tactics of methodical political organization in the rural areas, while military activity was kept at a level sufficient to protect the proselytizing effort.

The debate was far from academic. Numerous purges resulted. The grim fallout may be found in the mass graves discovered in numerous areas by security forces and villagers. In the end, the hard-liners were victorious, though in some areas the contest continues.

What the hard-liners could not see, even as they debated, was that the moment for the CPP had passed. Political momentum had shifted to the side of the government. Filipinos turned out in astonishing numbers to ratify a new constitution and to elect their officials. No matter that there was a pronounced lack of actual progress made in addressing socio-economic issues. *Political* power had returned to the people.

Commented Col. Vallejera, "The big gain on our part is that people now realize the communists are after power, not just reform. The ceasefire really allowed them [the CPP] to organize, so we had our hands full. But it also showed people their true colors."

In such an environment, the CPP hardline strategy is a military and political mistake. Militarily, the NPA is simply not at a level where it can go toe-to-toe with the Philippine military. The communists have demonstrated no ability to mass beyond company size, and such concentrations remain the exception. Squad-sized government patrols, which I have often accompanied in some of the "worst" areas of the Philippines, are reasonably safe, provided they follow the most elementary rules of security. Politically, the CPP/NPA use of terror and the attacks on infrastructure have caused a wave of disenchantment and revulsion among the people.

Even as the hard-line orientation has won out within communist ranks, the security forces have gone in precisely the opposite

DIFFERENCES OF APPROACH TO COUNTERINSURGENCY

Culminating what had become an increasingly public dispute with his armed forces chief. General Fidel "Eddie" Ramos, Philippine Defense Minister Rafael "Rocky" Ileto tossed in the towel on 21 January 1988. In submitting his resignation letter to President Aquino, he used prose that made it clear he was motivated to depart by an inability, even from his lofty postion, to make the changes he felt necessary to deal effectively with the insurgency. In his place Aquino appointed Ramos, who has stuck steadfastly by her administration through five major coup attempts in the two years since the president came to power in the turmoil of February 1986. "The debate between Ramos and Ileto," observed a Filipino veteran of three wars (World War II, the Huk insurrection, and Vietnam) "has its roots in the extent to which counterinsurgency operations should be decentralized. Rocky argued in favor of a return to the BCT [battalion combat team] concept -- 3 form of task organizing - and breaking down the security forces into small units. Ramos, in contrast, argued that changes in weapons and equipment especially the existence of helicopters dictated that greater control came from the center for resource management." The debate, in other words, may be termed one of unconventional versus conventional approaches, the Lansdales against the Westmorelands, if you will. Arrayed on one side are the "Huk fighters'' and their allies --- men who number among their ranks many who were guerrillas themselves against the Japanese before they became counterinsurgents. On the other side are more bureaucratically minded military professionals, those who see the counterinsurgency campaign as just that --- a campaign mission to be accomplished while the military as an organization continues to function. In their view, it requires no particular modification of structure or methodology

Evidence indicates lleto wanted to get small units out into the field under command structures tailored to meet the unique circumstances of their AOs. He wanted highly trained individuals who stayed out on patrol for however long it took to bring the guerrillas to bay. Side by side with their military operations, he wanted these units to conduct psychological and civic-action operations as part of genuine reform. To achieve all this, a streamlined chain of command was needed, one which placed all security forces under army direction.

In contrast, Ramos apparently desired

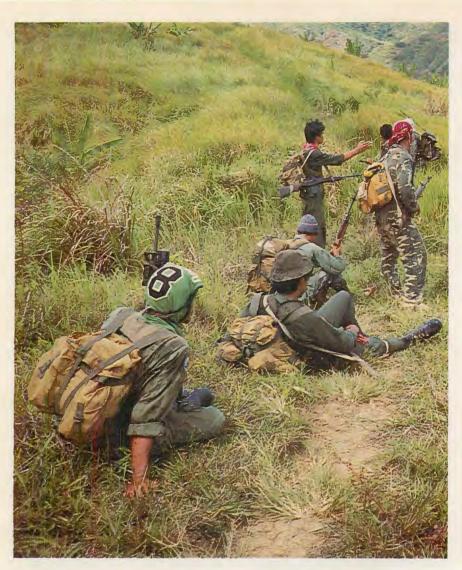
to push ahead using the existing security force framework. He seems to have seen no need for reorganization or for a change in the emphasis of operations. Rather than jack-of-all-trades outfits, he preferred to use established military units in more traditional fashion. Most fundamentally, though, he was loath to either disband or reassign the Philippine Constabulary (PC), effectively a territorially based paramilitary unit with police powers, which presently is classified as a branch of the armed services.

Though the PC has a decidedly mixed record and is best known for its corruption, it was predictable that Ramos would be slow to tamper with it. He himself, while a West Pointer like Ileto, rose not as an army but as a PC general. Thus, his power base rests on the socalled "PC mafia," members of which he named to take over both as armed forces chief of staff and vice chief of staff once he had become minister of defense.

Ironically, now that Ileto has left office, many of his plans, among them rationalization of the command structure (through such measures as the abolition of the redundant Regional Unified Commands, or RUCs) and emphasis upon small-unit patrolling, have been instituted. This leads to the suspicion by many that reform was simply held hostage in a political power game which lleto refused to play.

Of course, the 67-year-old, softspoken lleto has been in exile before. When he refused to back Marcos' early plans for martial law, he was shunted off to Thailand as ambassador. This proved salutory, however, because there he became close friends with Saiyud Kerdphol, the architect of the successful Thai counterinsurgency, a program which emphasizes the same elements as the 'new approach." When Ileto returned to Manila as deputy defense minister, one of his first actions was to order copies of Saiyud's 1986 book, The Struggle for Thailand, a compilation of many "lessons learned" from the Thai conflict.

Still, even now that he has resigned, Rocky is not about to vanish. "We don't just fade away here," he commented wryly in a March 1988 interview, alluding to Douglas MacArthur's famous speech. "We old boys will seek to keep up the pressure [for reform]. In our time we finished this business in seven years. These people have been at it for 15 years and have given us nothing. Why do we have the same setup that Marcos had? We need reorganization and a unified approach. We also need to focus on the health of the economy. Without that, there can be no military solution. Things are looking up. We seek to keep it so."





direction. Capitalizing on the shift in popular attitudes — especially the increased willingness of people to move off neutral ground and actually assist stability operations — the military has adopted a "new approach." It emphasizes intelligence, civic action, and small-unit operations. I also heard this strategy referred to as "the combined approach" or "the triple approach." Regardless of what it's called, the result has been the same: The communists have found themselves in serious trouble, even in former strongholds.

The new approach is new only in the sense that the classic "hearts and minds doctrine" - what the Thais call "Civil-Police-Military'' (CPM) - has now achieved something of a critical mass among the Philippine officer corps. The strategy has always been around. Press reports that the Filipinos are abandoning the 'American approach'' (an emphasis upon search-and-destroy operations) are inaccurate. Such tactics were used in some parts of the Philippines but never in all or even most. To the contrary, if there is such a thing as the American approach in the Philippines, this has always meant the integrated civil military strategy used by the near legendary figures who defeated the communist "Huk" insurgency in the early 1950s ---- An order once went out that everyone in field was to wear a helmet. It was universally disregarded, having been issued by those in Manila who rarely, if ever, went to the field. Bush hats or scarves are preferred, since they absorb sweat and turn slight breezes into miniature air conditioners. Heat is high, humidity unbearable. Troop in right foreground is armed with M14, others with M16A1s. Troop in left foreground has M203 grenade launcher mounted on his M16A1.

men such as Ramon Magsaysay, Ed Lansdale, and "Bo" Bohannan (see Cecil B. Currey's "Ed Lansdale — Super Spook," page 24).

There are two reasons the wheel is being reinvented now. First, professionalism is finally beginning to assert itself within the Philippine military; and, second, the Filipino "Huk fighter" generation has decided to push more aggressively for adoption of the solutions which were successful previously. Professionalism has been aided by the revitalization of the military schools system and the increasing number of graduates from senior-level courses who have returned to units. As for the Huk fighters, while they were previously willing to give the security forces an opportunity to do things their own way under the Aquino administration, the veterans have lately abandoned their hands-off posture in order to mobilize support for a correct strategic line — the new approach.

Of particular influence has been "Rocky" Ileto, the former minister of defense who recently parted company with the Aquino adminsitration over policy differences, but who has been able to leave his mark on Philippine strategic vision (see "Differences of Approach to Insurgency," page 43). Significantly, many of the Huk fighters served not only against the earlier communist insurgency in the Philippines but also, prior to it, against the Japanese in World War II, and, subsequently, against the communists in Vietnam. Thus, they have seen both victory and defeat, have a wealth of experience upon which to call, and are no longer reticent about doing so.

Journey to Panay

My patrol is but a small part of the new approach favored by the Huk fighters. Again, there is nothing new about the use of such patrols per se. What is different on Panay is the integration of military operations into a comprehensive effort.

That effort has been crafted by Colonel Raymundo Jarque, commander of the 2nd Brigade of the 3rd Division (since redesignated the 302nd Inf Bde). When we link up,





Troops wait for pickup, exhausted but satisfied with one-month patrol. Good training and excellent leadership help units function effectively; "new approach" puts premium on protecting and serving the people.

the colonel is reading Gabriel Kolko's The Vietnam Experience, a work that comes down heavily on the side of the "where there's smoke, there's fire'' explantion of rebellion. For balance, he is looking for a copy of Douglas Pike's The Viet Cong, the classic text that highlights the organizational sophistication of the Vietnamese insurgents. (The one school of thought emphasizes that without a rotten system there wouldn't be guerrillas; the other focuses on the efforts by insurgents to systematically turn every flaw of a weak government into a cause for guerrilla recruitment). The more we talk, the more evident it becomes that the small, bespectacled colonel understands thoroughly how to beat the enemy at his own game. Three hours of conversation into the wee hours of the night boil down to a single line: "You have to fight for something, not just against something."

With the return of democracy, the Philippines have something to fight for. The inequities of income and privilege are now being sorted out, and they are being addressed by elected representatives of the people. As I heard time and again, Aquino and the congressional representatives in Manila may not be perfect — who is? — but they have been chosen by the ballot. People will put up with almost anything as long as they feel Patrol leader, Staff Sergeant Roldan Caparas (later killed in an accident on another patrol shortly after the author left the unit), armed with M16A1, meets with his point element to discuss the path ahead.

they have some control over their lives.

That's the strategic picture. Tactically, there is still the problem that the communists won't participate in the political process. Therefore, the military must hunt them. The hunting, though, has but one purpose: to protect the people while they go about their business. Military operations are never an end in themselves. No body-counts here.

For his main weapons, Col. Jarque has three infantry battalions: 15 IB under "the Gunslinger" himself, the previously mentioned Col. George Vallejera, former 52 IB commander in northern Samar (see "Island Fighting," SOF, July '86); 12 IB under Lieutenant Colonel Bobby del Pilar, a nutsand-bolts, give-me-results officer who was once the Gunslinger's XO in 52 IB; and 47 IB under a rising star, Major Partisala, whom I was unable to meet. The concept of operations provided by Col. Jarque is simple: While the battalions use numerous small-unit operations to keep the guerrillas on the run, civic action personnel work in

COUNTER-MOBILIZATION ON PANAY

When we meet, June Cabigunda is washing off after leading his volunteers on a patrol with elements of Alpha Company, 15 IB. Mayor of San Remigio, Antique Province — a town of 26,000 people in 45 barangay — he administers a domain which stretches out farther than the eye can see. His last village is approximately 35 kilometers fromwhere we stand. Looking about, there is relative prosperity. The inhabitants have electricity, pumped water, and road links with the outside world. They are able to plant three crops per year. One crop provides for personal needs; the other two are sold for cash.

Though the position of mayor is fulltime, June cannot go alone to visit all of his barangay due to the activities of the NPA. It is the people in the remote, mountain barangay who are most cut off. In these, he must travel with a military escort, lest the terrorists attempt to assassinate him. He works in the town center Monday through Friday, then goes out to visit barangay on weekends. The vice mayor does likewise:

"Under Aquino, things have improved," June notes, "but our prime task is still to develop the barangay. Our big obstacle is the NPA. We cannot develop our town as long as this goes on. The Aquino government is working out It is insurgency which is our main difficulty Having volunteers, lets us defend ourselves. Without them, the NPA can return as soon as the army leaves our area. And the NPA have the guns"

To counter the NPA's guns, the town has its own "armed forces" policemen, four Philippine Constabulary, and a growing number of volunteers. They are linked to reinforcements by radio and were last forced to call for help in January 1988 when the NPA attacked the municipal hall. With the countermobilization of the people. June feels the situation is getting better. Following the fall of Marcos, when guerrilla activity increased, the local chief of police, with help from the regional constabulary, took the lead in organizing volunteers. Now, in the area where I am, the 10 barangay already have 60 volunteers, mostly farmers. The major problem for the volunteers is a lack of good weapons. A majority are armed with homemade shotguns; they also receive arms captured from the guerrillas. When the military has extras, weapons will be loaned out for operations. Hence, it is not unusual to see volunteers with the old .30 M1 carbine, now rarely used by the army. "Volun-teer groups are a good thing," offers June. "We can help the military a lot. Most of our volunteers are ordinary peo-

lives. June's own story is indicative of what drives people to fight the communists. Elected mayor in January 1988, he had previously worked more than two years overseas and had not given much thought to politics. He came home after his father, the previous mayor, was kidnapped and killed by the NPA for refusing to cooperate with them. In the election. June emerged victorious from a field of seven candidates. Though the interim administrator appointed by the Aquino government stood for election, she did not have her roots in the barangay and was not picked.

ple. They receive nothing, yet risk their

'Her campaign manager was NPA,' says June darkly. "Her group collabo-rated with the guerrillas." In fact, the NPA attempted to interfere with the balloting. The selection of the mayor, vicemayor, and seven municipal council members finally had to be decided in a special election due to NPA ballot snatching. The volunteers provided security and were to drive off an NPA foray The disruption in the area, explains June, is caused by just an estimated 30 guerrillas, all natives of the area and known to the inhabitants. Two are armedwith M16s, the rest with homemade weapons. Why do they join? June offers this response, "Political reasons." He says it is not just because they were poor, Some had been rustlers; some were just disgusted with the government.

The NPA activities had been low key until the military left for a time in the immediate aftermath of the February 1986 revolution. Now the NPA threatens and taxes the people. Small shops are required to pay taxes of 50 pesos per month; farmers pay approximately 10 percent of their income; and the areas's two jeepney fleet owners (five jeepneys each) pay 1,000 pesos per month. As the burden of taxation has become greater, intelligence on the guerrillas has improved, and the people have become more willing to fight them. NPA usually move into a barangay during the day so that they can proselytize. A number remain permanently in the barangay of which they are inhabitants. To convert people, they emphasize promises of the good life to come under communism: water buffalo, livestock, and land for all. Though the local group is not particularly well armed, the group from the Iloilo area (see map) is. It can muster some 60 people armed with M14s and M203-equipped M16s.

"But things are going well," June concludes. "We have no choice but to fight the communists. The government has already given them what they want, but they are still in the mountains. Before they were against Marcos. Now they are against Aquino. They will always be against something." conjunction with the local authorities to eliminate grievances and to ensure that reform laws and regulations are observed. There is considerable cooperation with the business community and landowners. To consolidate gains, the army coordinates with local detachments of the Philippine Constabulary (PC), police, and "volunteers." They safeguard the population while the military goes after the hard-core guerrillas.

The volunteer concept is an integral part of the new approach - and surely it's most controversial. It is the essence of what is termed countermobilization, turning the communists' own tactics back against them. Where the communists attempt to mobilize the populace against the government, the authorities respond by countermobilizing the people to fight the insurgents. Civilian volunteers are given rudimentary training, armed, and then used to augment security force operations conducted in their areas. When not in the field, the volunteers provide security for their villages and perform a number of other defense functions. If attacked, they respond and call for help. No one is relocated or forced into "strategic hamlets." People are simply given the means to defend themselves as part of an overall security system. The result is that the normal breakdown of communist forces into local, regional, and main force elements finds itself confronted at every level by equivalent government organizations.

Such mobilization of the people in favor of the status quo is anathema to radicals. Members of both the Philippine and American left have produced a slew of works purporting to prove that the concept of countermobilization is the product of U.S. "low-intensity warfare" doctrine and an attempt to use the Philippines as a "proving ground" for a diabolical brand of warfare. In reality, it is an approach used by all who have successfully fought guerrillas. Its most recent noteworthy practitioners have been the Thais, who call their volunteers "Rangers." So successful has the Thai system worked that it has been permanently incorporated as a form of territorial defense.

It will be recognized that these volunteers are the "vigilantes" upon whom so much recent negative publicity has been lavished by critics. "Vigilante" is a particularly illchosen word due to its negative connotations in English — a reason, no doubt, why it is given such wide currency by opponents of the concept. In areas such as Panay, the use of the term volunteer is favored, since it more accurately reflects the substance of the program.

A change of labels will not halt the criticism, though, for it is an essential element of CPP strategy to discredit the volunteer organizations. With them in place, the government is in a position of strength. Without them, it is virtually impossible to win, because the guerrillas are then free to strike whenever and wherever they choose.

There are certainly dangers attendant in arming any population. Military or police

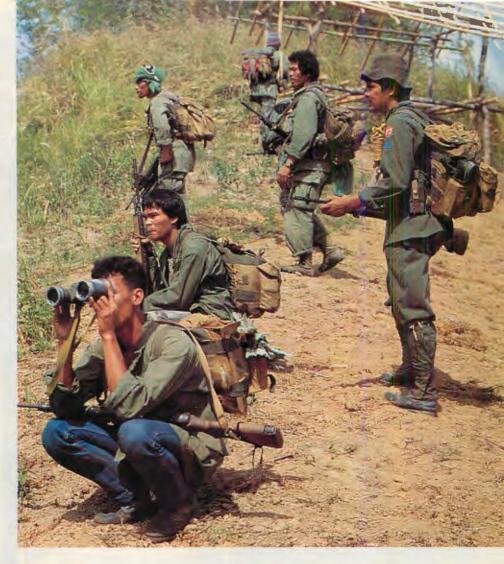
control of volunteer employment is essential. On Panay this was the case, and I accompanied a number of patrols that had volunteer components. The individuals concerned were principally farmers — a far cry from the cult figures normally featured in the world press (see "Countermobilization on Panay," page 46). Indeed, virtually all of the media commentary on volunteers focuses on fringe elements drawn from these various cults, rather than examining the bulk of the recruits.

Besides the use of volunteers to form local militias, countermobilization involves winning back the disaffected. Psychological operations play an important role, as does merely insuring that established lines of communication between the people and the authorities are functioning. At every battalion command post, I daily found a line of petitioners. Putting brakes on the traditional military "can do" attitude, the commanders acted in the role of ombudsman, facilitating meetings of concerned parties in disputes or projects. Boring as such gatherings often are, and not particularly "military," they are absolutely indispensable to the campaign. "Resources management," the process might be termed. What the local authorities are lacking in funds, expertise, or know-how, the military is often able to provide. Yet the emphasis is upon burden sharing, upon self-help. This gives the people a stake in building their own lives. The payoff is increased commitment to the system — and increased information on the insurgents provided by the people.

Another payoff, as conditions improve, is the growing number of individuals who return to the fold. On Panay, such returnees are required to attend three days of reorientation training. Held at a school campus near Iloilo, the course consists principally of explaining the contradictions in communism and the mechanics of how the existing system is supposed to work. The grand finale, at graduation, features the burning of the communist flag and a pledge of allegiance to the Republic. It is a rite of passage — forgiveness and a fresh start.

The proof is in the pudding, as they say. The best measure of the new approach has been the improvement in the situation on Panay. Earlier regarded as one of the worst insurgent-affected areas in the Philippines, the island is now one of the most secure. Captured communist documents lament the decrease in support and the difficulties faced by cadres. Almost comically, one such report even bemoaned the fact that fewer than 10 percent of those who ordered CPP publications were paying their subscription fees, making it difficult for the communist press to stay in operation. True to their commitment to help all in need, Col. Jarque's troops saved the communists the embarrassment of a possible bankruptcy by raiding the printing operation and closing it down.

As the military pressure grows, the communists turn increasingly to political organizing, and particularly to the use of fronts.



Patrol, armed with M14s, stops constantly to survey terrain for communists we are trailing. Cleared area will be used for planting by villagers.

Dangerous though this shift may be, it at least takes the fight out of the hills and puts it on ground where the communists must contend with the heightened political awareness of the populace.

A Turning Point

Each island, of course, has a different situation. Still, there has been a sea change nationwide. What was once described as "the rising red tide" has not only reached its high point but, like a wave leaving the shore, has begun to collapse. Such will increasingly be the case as the new doctrine takes hold.

Its application is not yet universal. A great deal of leeway is given to local commanders to adopt the means they feel necessary to meet the circumstances they face. Panay and Negros Occidental (the operational area on the island "next door") provide excellent examples. Both are in the same operational area because of their common language, Ilongo, and both fall under the same division command. Yet Col. Jarque's brigade on Panay uses what is essentially the Thai "CPM" approach, while Task Force Sugarland, the brigade of Colonel Rene G. Gardones, pursues a much more militarily oriented approach. The difference in operational posture lies in the commanders' assessments of the situations they face — not in the doctrine.

All of this mental calculus means little when you're actually a grunt on the ground. The new approach, though, with its premium upon protecting and serving the people, does put increased emphasis upon troop discipline and high standards of training. From the generally good behavior and proficiency of the patrols I accompanied, it is obvious that commanders are emphasizing these areas.

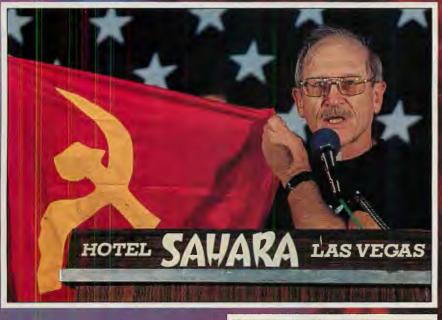
The 12 IB patrol we left earlier is a good illustration. Commanded by Staff Sergeant Roldan Caparas, its other members number a single sergeant, one corporal, and 11 PFCs — as low-ranking a unit as can be. Yet the unit functions effectively due to good training and excellent leadership. Staff Sgt. Caparas is a graduate of the grueling sixmonth Scout Ranger course (see "NPA Nemisis," SOF, July '88); all his men have been through the shorter, two-month Scout Ranger orientation. They know precisely what is expected of them, because the battalion has a clear SOP and conducts repeat-

Continued on page 72

SOF IN LAS VEGAS

CONVENTION '88

by SOF Staff



ABOVE: SOF Editor/Publisher Robert K. Brown displays one of our favorite symbols of international peace and brotherhood and friendship and all that A Photo: Duane Hall

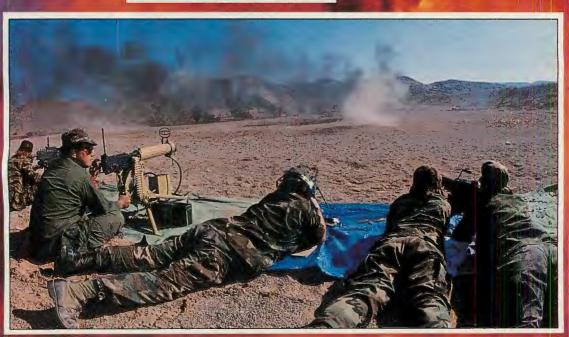
RIGHT: Corporate match sponsors SIG Sauer in the expo hall. Photo: Ralph Montoya





ABOVE: The National Rifle Association was again present in 1988, signing up new members and spreading the word about your rights as weapons owners. Photo: Ralph Montoya

RIGHT: SOF Technical Editor Peter Kokalis' gunline for firepower demonstration. There were better places to be than down range when this bunch cut loos Photo: Duane Hall





RIGHT: FDN leader Enrique Bermudez with Robert K. Brown and Contributing Editor John Donovan. Photo: Duane Hall



ABOVE: SOF demolitions expert John **Donovan. Photo:** Ralph Montoya

RIGHT: Generals Singlaub and Safi, two of freedom's strongest proponents, took the stage as guest speakers at the SOF Banquet. Photo: Duane Hall





LEFT: SOF's Convention '88 was host to our fourth, and final, installment of the dreaded pugil stick competition. Former Marine and SOF Associate Editor Gary Crouse — officer commanding pugil sticks — figured his voice just wouldn't hold out for another year. Photo: Duane Hall

BELOW: Knife specialists from Executive Edge with their wares on display at our Weapons Expo. More than 100 firms were on hand to display their state-of-the-art military, police, and survivalist products. Photo: Ralph Montoya



THE 1989 SOF Convention and Expo will be held at the Sahara Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada, 20-24 September. Conventioneers can pre-register now by contacting SOF Convention, P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306. Shooters can also pre-register by contacting Michael Horne, 408 E. Harding, Bakersfield, CA 93308. For further information, contact Convention Director Bill Brooks at (215) 244-1916. Exhibitor information is available from Derry Gallagher at (303) 449-3750. ♥

BELOW: Three-Gun Match competitor shoots for a piece of the \$60,000 purse. Photo: Duane Hall



LEFT: British .303 Vickers machine gun, one of 14 belt-fed machine guns used in firepower demonstration — probably enough "bang" to seize and hold your average Third World country. Photo: Duane Hall

BELOW: Exploding targets and liberal quantities of gasoline raised already hot Nevada temperatures a few degrees during our firepower demo. Residents of Las Vegas figured it was just another atomic test and paid the mushroom cloud little mind. Photo: Duane Hall







ABOVE: Enthusiasm was the order of two day at SOF's firepower demonstration. The only thing lacking was an Army (or maybus Marine) recruiter who could've cleaned up bis monthly quota without a problem. Photo: Dunne Hall

BELOW: There wasn't much in the way of weapons that couldn't be found in the Suhara Hotel's expo hall. Photo: Ouror (1991)



ACCHARGE.

ABOVE: Corporate ton Ruger and Decklar & In Springfield Amorphonia also served as corporate Ralph Montesa

SOF IN AFRICA

LIBYA'S DESERT DEFEAT

Chadian Unconventional Tactics End Khadaffi's Drive for Empire

by G.B. Crouse

T IS difficult to imagine a country in sub-Saharan Africa with a professional army; an army skilled at using Western technology to defeat Soviet-equipped armored forces; an army that launches coordinated attacks with supreme selfconfidence and deadly efficiency. Most military analysts in the past would have credited only one army on the continent with attributes like these — the South African Defence Force. But there is another army in Africa that operates with skill and lightning speed not seen north of the Zambesi River since Ariel Sharon led elements of the Israel Defense Forces across the Suez

Canal in 1973. The Chadian army, formally known as the Forces Armee National du Tchad (FANT) has attracted international attention after the stunning defeats it inflicted on Libyan forces in northern Chad.

ABOVE: French Foreign Legionnaire, with

medal for service in Chad. Photo: Sygma

My arrival in Chad's capital, N'djamena, via an Air Afrique flight from Paris, gave me my first opportunity to see one of Africa's most unlikely military success stories. Judging from appearances alone, there is little to suggest that much separates the ragged troops of FANT from their less-thancompetent counterparts throughout the rest of Africa; they display little of the attributes usually associated with successful armies. It is difficult to find two soldiers dressed or equipped identically. Their uniforms are anything but — consisting mostly of an odd mixture of American and French camouflage, combined with an unidentifiable collection of native garb. Weapons are another item of extreme variance. Most common are an array of captured Soviet and Eastern European Kalashnikovs, French MAT-49s and American M14s. Rank insignia is seldom worn by anyone under the rank of major. Boots are only a little more common than rank insignia.

As a former Marine, it's hard for me to find adjectives for describing the appearance of the Chadian troops. There is little of the snap and pop or smartly executed drill of Parris Island. The Chadians are not big on appearances. But in the desert north of the 16th parallel appearance doesn't win battles --- substance does. Substance would seem to be the Chadians long suit. Using centuries-old tactics that the U.S. Army is still trying to perfect and French antitank missles

the American military refuses to buy, the Chadians have managed to repeatedly defeat numerically superior forces. Tanks, mines, fixed fortifications and air support were all overcome by desert tribesmen who fight (except for replacing their camels with Toyota trucks) much as their ancestors did hundreds of years ago.

Their plucky tribal fighting style has been augmented by the addition of Toyota trucks, Milan antitank missiles and Mark 19 automatic grenade launchers. American satellite photos helped the Chadians fix their enemy's position on the battlefield. And lastly, perhaps the most important asset of the FANT soldiers was years of fighting against, and then being trained and advised by, the best regiments of the French army, including the 2nd Parachute Regiment of the French Foreign Legion.

To understand how the French have

Armored column from the legion's 1st Foreign Cavalry Regiment, on patrol near Red Line in Chad. Photo: Sygma found themselves in a postion of training, advising and equipping the very troops they used to fight, you have to go back to the beginning of the Chadian republic, for the story of warfare in Chad since its independence is as much a French as a Chadian one.

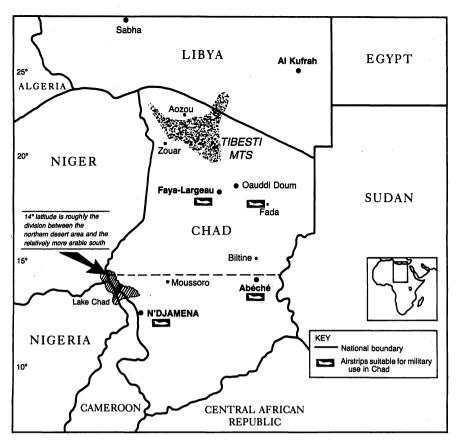
At the turn of the century, a column of French and Arab troops under the command of Colonel L. Lamy marched into what is now Chad. After brief but bloody battles against the locals, Lamy occupied the area around Lake Chad. Later named in his honor, Fort Lamy was to become the captal of independent Chad and was later renamed N'Djamena. A white obelisk marks the spot where Lamy's remains are buried along the Chari River, near the American Embassy in N'Djamena.

Lamy secured the region for France, and a treaty with the British ensured noninterference with French rule by Queen Victoria's proconsuls in Africa. Of all the French colonies in Africa, Chad received the least attention from her imperial masters. At best this was a mixed blessing, on one hand leaving the natives to lead their lives much as they had before the arrival of the French, but on the other it meant fewer benefits such as roads and wells that colonies usually receive from their mother countries. In 1940, another French colonel marched through Chad, this time going the other way. Colonel (later Marshal) LeClerc led what French forces there were in the region north through the Sahara to join World War II, the war which would spell the end of European colonization in Africa. When Chad became independent in 1960, after 72 years of French rule, vast parts of the country were much as they had been when Lamy arrived.

It would seem that one of the inevitable legacies of colonial rule in Africa is civil war sooner or later after the colonial powers depart --- usually sooner. Chad was to be no exception. Illogically drawn national boundaries left the country with two (two is an oversimplification, but to go into greater detail would be endlessly confusing) distinct characters. In the northern desert areas nomadic tribesman, mostly Moslems, were dominant; in the south Christian and animist black Africans were the rule, devoted mostly to agriculture. With the departure of the French, war between the two groups over who would rule the country was perhaps inevitable.

With north fighting south, French and Libyan intervention and the "help" of the always bumbling Organization of African Unity, the history of post-independence Chad is among the most confusing in Africa. Twenty-four years of war and civil strife and five different governments had done little to stabilize the country until the current regime of Hissen Habre took power in 1984.

Independence was granted on 11 August 1960, with a southerner, Francois Tambalboye, in charge. Tambalboye won election to the office of president with a truly remarkable 94 percent of the vote. The country's police forces, it would seem, did much



to encourage and influence the voting. In 1963 Tambalboye dismissed all the northern ministers in the government. War broke out immediately. Forces from the north, predominantly the *Front de Liberation National de Tchad* (FROLINAT), fought well against the Tambalboye's forces, the *Armee National de Tchad* (ANT). Few African wars, even the Rhodesian conflict, can match the Chadian wars for endless acronyms.

By 1969 FROLINAT had made significant gains and was threatening the capital, Chad, with illogically drawn borders, a legacy of French colonialism, has been in various stages of conflict since 1963. It wasn't until Hissen Habre's victories over Libyans that peace appeared possible.

and hence the government of Tambalboye. Although reluctant to do so, Tambalboye, under pressure from his defense minister, General Malloum, invoked a treaty signed at independence which called for French military assistance to be provided in times of strife. What constitutes strife as distinct

LESSONS FROM THE DESERT

In the wake of the Chadian victories over Libyan forces, it seems natural to evaluate the battles to see what lessons they may hold for American military forces. Several elements of the Chadian success are particularly worthy of note. Their use of light vehicles to oppose armor formations, their effective antiarmor guided missile capability and the ease with which Soviet BMPs were destroyed, and the fighting qualities of the Libyans all are significant.

In many ways, the Chadian tactics duplicate those of their ancestors. Toyota trucks have replaced camels, and their personal weapons are far more deadly, but the methods remain much the same. In-depth reconnaissance before the battle, which was aided by American-supplied satellite photos, allowed the Chadians to exhaustively plan their attacks. When H-hour arrived, the Chadians attacked with blinding speed, quickly turning the Libyans' flanks and gaining access to their rear. The Chadians do not use artillery or mortars prior to their attacks. They claim, with some justification, that surprise and speed would be compromised by the use of indirect-fire weapons. But the real reason probably has more to do with the Chadians' feelings that such weapons are "unmanly" and unworthy of their tribal warrior heritage.

Their light vehicles, mostly Toyota pickup trucks and British Land Rovers, are equipped with Milan antitank missiles, 106mm recoiless cannon and Mark 19 automatic grenade launchers. In close quarters they made quick work of the Libyan armored vehicles, mostly BMPs and T-55 main battle tanks.

The most effective weapon in the

from the normal state of affairs in Chad is difficult to determine. Then-President Charles DeGaulle complied, launching what would be the first of four military interventions into Chad. All would be at the invitation of the Chadian government.

DeGaulle dispatched five companies of the 2nd Foreign Parachute Regiment (2nd REP) and one company from the 2nd Foreign Infantry Regiment (2nd REI). By early 1970 these Foreign Legion troops had been joined by 1,000 French marines and 1,000 air force personnel. Overall troop strength exceeded 3,500 men.

The French fought extremely well, driving the rebels north into the Tibesti mountains and southern Libya, while suffering only eight killed in action and 90 wounded. But while the French achieved a military victory, they failed to conduct civic action programs or take steps to ensure political stability. When the French forces departed in December of 1971, the problems which had led to the insurgency still existed. In addition, the north was alienated more than ever.

A new element in the equation was in place by the time the French departed Chad. Muammar Khadaffi was now in power in Libya. Eager to widen his influence, Khadaffi gave support to the defeated rebels. The emergence of Khadaffi and the departure of the French convinced Tambalboye that he needed to change his ways. In a bizarre turn of events, Tambalboye began stirring up anti-French feelings, which led to riots in the capital, and then formed an alliance with Khadaffi.

This "friendship" continued until 1975. General Malloum, deciding that he had had enough of this silliness, staged a coup which led to the death of Tambalboye, Malloum assuming power, a resumption of the war, and the second French intervention. Two new leaders emerged in the north to fight Malloum: Hissen Habre and Goukouni

Chadian arsenal has been the Frenchmade Milan antitank guided missile. British forces in the Falklands used their Milans to destroy hardened positions, a task for which they proved very effective. Chadian forces achieved a 60percent hit ratio with their Milans in the battle of Fada, firing in conditions considered less than favorable for the Milan. The standard American antitank guided missile, the Dragon, manufactured by McDonnell Douglas, is rather sad by comparison. The American military is loath to buy the Milan for, among other reasons, it feels it is too heavy. Although the Milan is heavier than the Dragon. there is an important difference — the Milan effectively destroys enemy armor; the Dragon does not. As Carl Bernard, a noted defense analyst says, "'If it doesn't work, it doesn't matter what it weighs."

That American soldiers and Marines carry a less-than-effective weapon is a

Rocket-equipped British Land Rover enroute to desert outpost of Chadian army. Photo: Sygma

Oueddei. In 1978, in another strange turn of events, Malloum split the opposition by inviting Habre to join the government as prime minister. Libyan support of Goukouni continued. Malloum requested French asistance.

French President Giscard d'Estaing responded by sending the whole of the 2nd REP, two companies of 2nd REI, a company of marines and supporting tactical aircraft. Once again, using mobility and firepower, the superb French troops thrashed the rebels. But they were denied their victory when, in yet another bizarre turn of events, Malloum established the Government de Union National de Tchad (GUNT), which Goukouni joined as president and Habre as defense minister.

The new government decided it had little need for the French, and once again anti-French riots erupted in N'Djamena. In March 1980, Goukouni ousted Habre, who fled to Algeria and began preprations to launch another war. The French forces now found themselves protecting the man they had come to fight from the man they had come to save. In what had to be the only practical option remaining, the French left Chad in April 1980.

Habre raised a new army, the Forces Armee du Nord (FAN). By 1982 Habre's forces were sufficiently strong to capture the capital and drive Goukouni into exile in Libya, where he began to, you guessed it, raise a new army to oppose Habre. By June

French air force Jaguars in revetments near N'Djamena. Libyan downing of a Jaguar in 1986 prompted French advance to 16th parallel, setting stage for Chadian victory in north. Photo: Sygma





product of our flawed acquisition process. The most important aspect of an antitank weapon shouldn't be its weight or in what country it's manufactured, but rather its ability to counter enemy armor — a point that seems to have slipped past the bureaucrats in the Pentagon. American infantrymen currently have no weapon capable of destroying enemy armor as the Milan does. A weapon such as the Milan, with a proven record of effectivness, would be a welcome addition to the U.S. arsenal.

The destruction of Soviet BMPs also holds interesting lessons for the U.S. military. The internal fuel loading of the BMP proved to be its downfall. Milans and Mark 19s turned the machines into blazing infernos. The troops inside were killed as much from the secondary explosion of the fuel as the initial strike of the missile. As David Evans, military analyst for the Chicago Tribune wrote, "The Libyan soldiers never made the transition from riders to fighters." Although the Bradley IFV's problems have been discussed in depth, it wasn't until Representative Charles Bennett (D-Fla.), a former antitank officer, who, using the results from Chad as evidence, forced the Army to study ways to make the Bradley more survivable, that the problem of internal fuel stores was taken seriously.

It is important to take into account, when examining the events in Chad, the caliber of the opposing forces. Evaluating the performance of the Chadians is important for general intelligence value should we ever have to oppose them in ground combat. But more importantly, we need to ask the question: Would Chadian tactics work against a first-rate army? When the question was posed to a Chadian officer he replied, "I don't know. We were fighting Libyans." Some lessons are clear despite the caliber of the Libyans, such as the importance of adequate antitank guided missiles. The effectiveness of the light vehicles against armor requires further evaluation. But as the U.S. Army seeks to perfect its light infantry doctrine, the tactics are worthy of intense examination.

Some dispute that there are many lessons in the Chadian victory for the United States, insisting instead that the poor quality of the Libyan troops and the high Chadian morale and extreme selfconfidence had more to do with the victory than with the Chadians' methods. There is little doubt that the Chadian victory resulted in many ways from their morale and confidence in their weapons, tactics, and most importantly, in themselves — they think and act as warriors. But that too could be a valuable lesson for the American military. of 1983, supported by Khadaffi and equipped with Soviet arms, Goukouni had advanced into Chad to Faya-Largeau (see map).

The French were understandably reluctant to get involved yet again in Chad. But the requests from Habre and pressure from the United States and moderate African states eventually persuaded President Francois Mitterand to launch Operation Manta, the third intervention in Chad. In August of 1983 Mitterand sent 2,800 troops, legionnaires among them, along with supporting aircraft, to the rescue.

France's third intervention in Chad quickly repeated the pattern established by the first two. Chadian rebels were no match for the professional French soldiers, marines and legionnaires. After securing all territory up to the 15th parallel, the French held their positions with orders not to fire unless fired upon. After the rebels downed a French Jaguar attack jet on 25 January 1984, the French advanced with orders to fire on sight at any hostile forces. The French halted their advance at the 16th parallel which subsequently became known as the "Red Line."

A stalemate ensued. The Libyan-backed rebels were not strong enough to attempt a breakthrough of the French cordon sanitaire, and Habre's forces could not dislodge them from north of the Red Line. Early attempts at negotiations between the two sides failed. Habre moved to consolidate his power by establishing the Union Nationale pour l'Independence et la Revolution (UNIR). Meanwhile in the north, Khadaffi introduced the Libyan flag and currency and banned the use of the French language.

Mitterand, under domestic pressure to bring the forces home, conducted secret negotiations with the Libyans. In September 1984 the two countries signed a mutual withdrawal treaty calling for simultaneous withdrawal of all troops and equipment. Problems resulted immediately from the accord. The French had not informed Habre of the agreement ahead of time. He was rather upset by what he perceived as a slight by the French. The treaty also made no mention of the "Aouzou Strip," an area in the north of Chad occupied by the Libyans since 1973 and claimed by Khadaffi. But more importantly, the agreement did nothing to address the underlying issues driving Chad's continuing civil war.

By November, both France and Libya claimed to have completed their withdrawal, but American satellite photos revealed otherwise. The Libyans hadn't gone anywhere, and in fact were strengthening their positions. In particular they were improving the airstrip at Ouadi Doum, which would bring N'Djamena well within range of Libyan strike fighters. These revelations by the U.S. State Department caused tremendous embarrassment for the French.

For a while, the French were content to sit back and wait. Their rapid response forces in the Central African Republic were providing a credible deterrent. Khadaffi continued to build his presence in northern Chad but made no strikes south of the Red Line. The French remained hopeful that the stalemate would eventually lead to negotiations leading to a Chadian reconciliation. It didn't.

Habre meanwhile had other problems. Although he was the first Chadian leader to establish a broad-based government, trouble started in the south. Several military units, incited by the Libyans, mutinied. In addition, several southern guerrilla groups became more active. The largest, the Codos Rouges, presented Habre with a serious threat to his government. The Chadian economy was suffering from the war as well, with revenues from cotton (Chad's biggest export) dropping from \$11.5 million in 1984 to \$4 million by the end of 1985.

On 16 February 1986, in response to growing Libyan strength in the north, the French launched an air raid against the airstrip at Ouadi Doum. In response, the Libyans sent a TU-22 to bomb N'Djamena. Although the strike did no serious damage, the French decided to reinforce their existing forces in Chad. Operation *Epervier* (Sparrowhawk) was launched, which sent 2,300 troops to Chad, including elements of

With extreme ranges the rule, weapons such as the Browning .50 are particularly effective in Chadian desert. Photo: Sygma

3

the 2nd REI and the 22nd Marine Infantry Regiment. French troops were tasked with training the Chadians in tactics and in the use of French-supplied hardware, maintaining equipment, providing intelligence and immediate fire support and protecting French bases. The French air force also sent six Jaguar strike fighters, six Mirage fighters, two Mirage reconnaissance aircraft, two American-made KC-135 tankers, six C-160 Transall transport aircraft and medium- (Hawk) and short- (Crotale) range antiaircraft missle batteries. Transport and attack helicopters were also sent.

Along with the growing French presence, developments occurring within the rebel camp helped Habre consolidate his power. The only senior-ranking southerner in GUNT (as Goukouni's forces were known), Wadal Abdel Kader Kamouge, switched sides. Fighting broke out between the two factions. On 30 October Goukouni himself publicly switched sides, calling on his forces to join with Habre. Although the move was a wise one on Goukouni's part, he announced it in Tripoli, where he was a guest of Colonel Khadaffi. That wasn't wise.

As soon as Khadaffi heard this, he sent troops to arrest Goukouni. In the melee that followed, one of Goukouni's bodyguards was

killed and Goukouni himself seriously wounded and placed under house arrest. The Libyans appointed Acheikh Ibn Oumar to take charge of the rebels in Chad, but most were in the process of joining Habre. Khadaffi sent three armored columns across the Aouzou Strip into Chad to attack the rebels forces still loyal to Goukouni. Three battles ensued. Two were inconclusive, while the third, at Bardai, was a decisive defeat for the Libyans. A slow-moving armored column was ambushed on the nar-



row mountain roads of the Tibesti regions. Four hundred Libyans were reported killed.

France responded to the attacks immediately, airdropping several tons of supplies to the beleaguered former rebels, who had accused the Libyans of using chemical weapons against their positions. By December, the United States was getting more heavily involved. Under a provision of the Foreign Assistance Act, which permits such shipments in the event of an "unforeseen emergency," President Reagan authorized the transfer of a total of \$20 million worth of military equipment to Chad. Transport aircraft (C-130s), small arms and ammunition began arriving in the capital on 22 December. The State Department announced the move was designed to "complement the French efforts.

Habre was now in his strongest position ever. With increasing American and French support, and the majority of the former rebels now on his side, Habre decided the time

AML-90s of French army on display. French armored forces, along with marines and legion paras and infantry, have deployed to Chad four times since the country gained independence. Photo: Sygma

WITH THE LEGION IN CHAD

Careening through the unpaved streets of N'Djamena in a jeep with two Foreign Legionnaires only slightly less drunk than I was seemed an auspicious start to reporting on events in Chad. I figured if I lived through this, the rest would be easy. The desert couldn't be as dangerous as the liberty with the legion. They'd given me a beret and rank insignia to go with the uniform I'd been given in France. They assured me continually that this, and our drunken behavior, presented "no problem." I had my doubts.

The obvious contempt the driver held for local laws and the safety of the local population did much to explain the animosity between the Chadians and their French benefactors. Things had gotten so bad at one point that the Chadian government issued an order stating that if a Chadian civilian was killed by a French military vehicle, the driver would be fined 100,000 Central African francs, which is about \$250 U.S. dollars. The order went on to say that if a driver ran over a civilian on purpose, the fine would be 150,000 Central African francs. Life is cheap in Chad.

I'd come to Chad in hopes of seeing the French Foreign Legion and the Chadian army, both remarkable military formations. It was during a relative lull that I arrived in Chad. Although there had been small-scale attacks launched from Sudan against Chad's eastern frontier and attempted Libyan terrorist strikes, neither was meeting with any success.

The Chadian government was not eager to be visited by the press; arranging a visa had initially looked to be impossible. Help came from an unlikely source — the U.S. State Department. I'd always thought State was less than enamored with SOF, but it was only after its intervention, and a request from an official at the State Department, that I was given clearance to go.

Briefings in Washington, DC, and Paris, off the record, by American, French and Chadian military officers, diplomats and intelligence officers had prepared me for the political and military situation in Chad. But little could prepare me for the culture shock. It didn't help that I'd spent the previous two months in Washington and Paris, neither of which provide a smooth transition to the Third World, or that on my previous forays to the African continent I'd either been in the field or enjoying liberty in Kenya. I'd never seen anything quite like Chad before. Nor, even in the midst of a South Carolina summer, had I ever felt heat like this before.

Two things happened almost as soon as I was on the ground to restore my confidence. First, I saw a well-fed dog at the airport, always a good sign in the Third World, and then I met up with a former Marine officer on business in Chad. We even had mutual friends in the Corps. After customs, the major and I jumped in a cab and asked to go to the Hotel Chadienne, which served as the local "Rick's" for visitors and expatriates. The major had wisely changed some currency in Paris and offered to pay the cab driver. The five-minute ride cost some \$30. After realizing how much we'd paid, we felt like a couple of tourists from Peoria on our first trip to Chicago. It was our first lesson in Chadian math.

We checked into the hotel and, naturally, retired to the bar. As it was Saturday, there wasn't much we could do until Monday morning, and so we decided to spend our time examining the local sites and drinking the local brew, not because we liked it, but because that was all there was. The beer was something of a triple threat. Not only was it stronger than most beer, it was served in rather large bottles and the heat required that you drink it quickly, before it got too warm. It wasn't long before we decided we really liked Chad.

Sunday was spent on a foot patrol through town. We hoped to find the American Embassy, our first stop Monday morning. What we found instead was a virtually deserted city. Almost all the buildings had damage from small arms and rockets, some of it quite extensive. It was rather foreboding. After being accosted by two members of the presidential guard, we decided to return to the hotel and find the embassy in the morning. I'd been warned about the guard before leaving Washington. An was right to deal with the Libyans once and for all. In addition, the introduction of Libyan regular forces and the changing sides of Goukouni and Kamouge generated, for the first time, a sense of unity within the Chadian populace. But the French government, rather than help Habre with an all-out assault on the Libyans, remained determined to try and achieve a diplomatic solution. In frustration, Habre verbally lashed out at France, his African allies, the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity for failing to deal with the Libyans.

Habre decided to move, even though many military experts gave him little chance of defeating the Libyans without French air support. At Fada, a palm plantation just north of the Red Line, Habre's forces engaged a Libyan garrison. The 1,000-strong Libyan force was equipped with tanks and heavy artillery. The Chadians suffered 20 killed in the attack and 70 wounded. Three of their trucks were destroyed. In contrast, the Libyans suffered 700 killed and 100 armored vehicles destroyed, including 30 tanks. FANT captured 80 Libyans, 40 armored vehicles and six aircraft. To say the least, it was a stunning defeat for the Libyans. Of the 100 armored vehicles destroyed, 40 of the kills were achieved with

administration official familiar with Chad had warned me that these troops spoke neither French nor English, and that they didn't speak Tebu, their native tongue, particularly well. It was best not even to approach them.

On Monday, the previously deserted streets were filled with bustling crowds and local drivers who approached their driving with great enthusiasm but not much skill. Toyota trucks, loaded with troops, were everywhere, while the rest of the population moved about in everything ranging from old French sedans to Honda off-road bikes. Arriving at the embassy, it was necessary to present your passport to the Chadian guards, who tended to be somewhat surly. But after asking who I'd come to see (the ambassador) and examining my passport, the guards became very friendly.

On all my subsequent visits they continued to be most helpful. After one of my trips through the front gate, I understood why. When the guard wrote my name in his logbook, he copied the two names off the first line of my passport, Gary Blane, ignoring my last name on the line below. The American Ambassador in Chad at the time was John Blane, so the guards assumed I was his son. I didn't think it necessary to correct their misconception.

It took only an hour or so to arrange meetings with the ambassador and the defense attaché. A briefing by the press attaché included a list of things I would need to do and people I'd have to see in



The principal fighting vechicle of the Chadian army, light truck with machine gun. Except for the use of trucks and modern weaponry, Chadian army fights much as their ancestors did. Photo: AP/Wide World

Milan antitank guided missiles (ATGMs). The successful use of the missile in the

order to get my accreditation as a journalist in Chad. It was a long list. He also gave me a run-down on life in N'Djamena, which included some places he suggested I not visit.

A local bar known as the "Booby Club" had been the scene of an altercation between the Marines assigned to guard the embassy and some off-duty Chadian soldiers; shots had been fired, and the ambassador had placed the establishment off-limits. Although his order did not apply to civilians, I decided it would be a good idea to take his advice. When I later learned that even the French Foreign Legionnaires wouldn't go in, I decided I'd made the right decision. A second area to be avoided was the area around the presidential palace. People had been killed just for accidentally driving down the street leading to Habre's residence. After the second serious incident, the ambassador had persuaded President Habre to post signs warning passers-by to avoid the area.

I noted the advice given by the press attaché and made an appointment to visit the Chadian ministry of information, the first step in gaining credentials. I was told this wouldn't be possible until the next day. I returned to the hotel to wait, the first of many days I'd spend cooling my heels waiting on the Chadian bureaucracy.

Not that waiting was all that bad. Although I was eager to get to work, the hotel had a very nice pool, complete with offensive is remarkable for several reasons. Sixty-eight missles were fired, with 60 percent scoring direct hits. A key factor in attaining such efficiency was the use of a simulator for training. Supreme confidence in the weapon was also important. The effect of the missle hit on Sovietmanufactured BMPs, which store their fuel internally, was spectacular. The fires left no

restaurant and bar. Off-duty French troops and the visiting daughters of French officers ensured that things were never boring by the pool. It's hell in Africa.

I had meetings with the ambassador and the defense attaché, both of whom were helpful and generous with their time. The defense attaché even had a more recent copy of Soldier of Fortune in her desk than I'd seen before leaving our editorial offices Boulder, Colorado. It seemed unusual that the defense attaché would be a female in an ostensibly Moslem country very much dominated by men. When I asked how it was she'd been assigned to Chad, she told me "no one else wanted the job." But everyone I talked to, from Washington to N'Djamena, agreed that she'd been doing a splendid job and had excellent rapport with her counterparts.

My meeting with her also included the press attaché (he sat in on all meetings I had with American officials) and another gentleman who didn't introduce himself. During our meeting, I mentioned I'd travelled to Africa while in the military. Afterward, the defense attaché made a comment about my having served in the Army, but before I could correct her, the gentleman without a name did so, telling her I'd served in the Marines, something I hadn't mentioned I assumed that he worked for another, unspecified, branch of the government.

Ambassador John Blane was the most

Continued on page 85

opportunity for the men inside to disembark and engage the enemy. Libyan morale and discipline disintegrated in the face of the attack. For the Libyans the battle was over before it started.

The largest Libyan force in Chad now facing Habre was the garrison at Ouadi Doum, which the Libyans had built into one of the largest airfields on the continent. They also maintained 2,500 men in Faya-Largeau. Habre was eager to recapture Faya, his hometown, but Ouadi Doum had to be dealt with first. After the defeat at Fada, Khadaffi proposed a cease fire, which

French adivsors train members of Chadian army in use of 106mm recoiless cannon. Photo: Sygma

Habre declined to accept — believing only further success on the battlefield would oust the Libyans once and for all. While the Libyans reinforced Ouadi Doum, they continued to battle their former allies in the north, meeting with very limited success.

By March, Habre was ready. Four thousand Libyan troops were dug in around Ouadi Doum, with heavy artillery and tanks positioned with mutually supporting fields of fire. With heavy reinforcements reaching the Libyans, Khadaffi ordered his troops to retake Fada. Warned in advance, the Chadians took up defensive positions some 50 miles north of Fada. The first Libyan column of about 1,000 men, with armor, was defeated soundly on 19 March. A second column of equal size arrived the next day and was also destroyed. As the remnants of the columns retreated to Ouadi Doum, the Chadians followed, carefully observing the paths the Libyans used to pass through the minefields sourrounding the Libyan base.

On 22 March the Chadians attacked. In 90 minutes they defeated the Libyan force, killing 1,200 of the estimated 2,000 troops. The second in command was among the killed, and the Libyan commander, Khalifa

Aboul Gassim Hastar, was captured. The next morning revealed the size of the victory. The Chadians had captured two Su-22 long-range bombers, 11 L-39 light bombers, 2 SF-60 light support aircraft, 3 Mi-25 "Hind" helicopter gunships, a ZSU 23-4 antiaircraft gun system, 18 wheeled armored vehicles, 400 trucks, many equipped with SA-6 and SA-10 missles, 10 radars, 12 T-62 tanks, 42 T-55 tanks, 66 BMPs and 18 BM-21s. In addition, 26 aircraft were destroyed in the fighting, including MiGs and Hinds, and 55 armored vehicles were destroyed. The Chadians suffered 29 killed. In the victory celebration that followed in N'Djamena, during which soldiers fired their weapons into the air, 3 civilians were killed and 20 wounded.

The defeat at Ouadi Doum left the Libyan position at Faya-Largeau untenable; a massive retreat began almost as soon as news of the battle reached the Libyan commander there. Columns of Libyan troops and support personnel were well on their way back to the north by 25 March. Khadaffi had lost his last stronghold in Chad, and his chance to expand south at the expense of the Chadians. Libyan aircraft bombed the captured bases in an effort to destroy the equipment and aircraft left behind.

What followed was an uneasy truce, with the Aouzou Strip in Libyan hands. While the Americans were eager for the Chadians to deal Khadaffi a final blow, the French urged negotiations. A formal cease-fire held everyone more or less in place. Khadaffi, in the face of serious military defeats, the American bombing of his capital, growing ostracism from other nations, and declining oil revenues, finally decided to call it quits in Chad. Full diplomatic relations were restored between N'Djamena and Tripoli last October, and the Aouzou Strip question was put before a special committee of the Organization of African Unity.

Khadaffi's rise to power had done much to exacerbate problems endemic to Chad. His withdrawal did much to end Chad's most immediate problems. But at the same time, his direct military involvement had served to unite the Chadians and provide the central government it's first opportunity to build a cohesive society. With Libya out of' the picture and the former rival factions united, Chad is at last in a position to do just that.



SOF FIREARMS RUGER MIN MIN THIRTY ComBloc Caliber Carbine

by Peter G. Kokalis

MORE than 60 million rifles and machine guns chambered for the 7.62x39mm cartridge have been manufactured. Untold billions of rounds in this caliber have been produced and expended on the battlefields of every war in every corner of the globe for four decades. It is currently, without doubt, the world's most ubiquitous military small arms cartridge. Yet, until Bill Ruger served up his "Mini Thirty" about a year ago, no U.S. manufacturer had ever fielded a rifle chambered for the Kalashnikov cartridge.

My sources insist the Mini Thirty is the semiauto spin-off of a stainless steel, selective-fire, 7.62x39mm Mini-14 developed for, and tested by, the U.S. Navy SEALs. Ruger officials deny this, but the rumor persists. Be that as it may, the Mini Thirty is an intriguing piece of hardware. Currently marketed in what Ruger refers to as their "ranch rifle" configuration in the Mini-14 series (first introduced in 1973), the Mini Thirty should attract a diverse segment of the gun-buying public. Weighing 7.2 pounds, empty, and with an overall length of just 37.75 inches, it is compact enough to qualify as a true carbine.

The method of gas operation is that of the Mini-14, with only some minor dimensional modifications. Firing is from the closedbolt position. There is no adjustable regulator. After ignition, some of the gas following the bullet down the bore is diverted through a port, drilled radially in the barrel about 8.5 inches from the muzzle, into the gas block assembly and through a stationary piston to strike against the hollow interior face of the slide.

As the operating rod (which resembles that of the M1 Garand and M14 and is welded to the slide) moves to the rear in recoil, the cam path milled into its hump, just in front of the retracting handle, lifts up Ruger Mini Thirty with Swarovski ZFM 6x42mm military scope shot to two MOA when provided with .308-inch diameter bullets. Even with 7.62x39mm military ball ammunition, it is substantially more accurate than most Kalashnikovs. Photo: Peter G. Kokalis

the bolt's right locking lug, rotating the bolt to the left and out of the two locking recesses on either side of the mill-finished, investment-cast receiver. The roller added to the M14's right locking lug has been replaced by an integral round knob. An M14type extractor has been attached to the right side of the bolt's head. There is no need to spring-load the firing pin as a retraction cam in the receiver holds the striker to the rear until locking has been completed.

Both recoil spring and guide rod ride in the operating rod's hollow interior. The guide rod's chisel-shaped tip fits into a bushing that pivots on a cross pin attached to two lugs on the bottom of the receiver.

A four-component bolt-lock mechanism has been installed on the receiver's left side. After the last shot has been fired, the magazine follower pushes the bolt lock (which also serves as an ejector) upward to engage the left locking lug and prevent the bolt from moving forward. The device can also be activated without a magazine in place by retracting the bolt and depressing the boltlock plunger protruding from the top of the receiver. When a loaded magazine has been inserted, the cocking handle must be retracted slightly to relieve the bolt's pressure and permit the mechanism's coil spring to pivot the bolt lock downward. I prefer the far simpler hold-open mechanism found on the M14.

The Ruger Mini Thirty is equipped with a five-round, detachable, staggered box-type magazine with plastic follower and floor-plate that fits flush into the magazine well (and is not interchangeable with the .223

Mini-14 magazine). That's great for cowboys, but some of us would like a little more firepower. Good news here, for Ruger has designed a 20-round magazine that has just been made available for the Mini Thirty.

The entire trigger mechanism has been taken from the M1 Garand. Nothing wrong with that - it's one of the best ever designed. A hammer with two hooks, a trigger with an extension that serves as the main sear, and a spring-loaded secondary sear directly to the rear remain the major components. When cocked, the hammer is held back by the sear on the trigger. After the trigger is pulled, this main sear moves off the hammer notch and the hammer rotates up and forward, driven by its coil spring. Ruger uses music wire coil springs throughout the Mini Thirty and has eliminated the M14's steel spring housing in the trigger mechanism.

When the bolt moves back and pivots the hammer down, it's caught by the secondary sear. After the trigger is released, the secondary sear moves out of engagement with the hammer. As the hammer starts forward, it's caught once more by the main sear and held until the trigger is pulled again. Trigger pull weight on SOF's test specimen was a grungy eight pounds.

The safety lever is of the M1 Garand/ M14 type, except that instead of passing through the front of the trigger guard, it's mounted just to the left. Push forward to disengage. When engaged, it blocks the main sear and prevents the trigger from being pulled rearward.

Attached to the trigger housing by a solid steel pin, the magazine catch-release must be pressed forward to release the magazine. Loaded magazines must be tilted forward and rolled back when inserted into the magazine well — a difficult maneuver with the five-round magazine.

Barrel length is 18.5 inches. The barrel is made from a hot-rolled section of ordnancequality 4140 chrome-molybdenum alloy steel blended to Ruger specifications. It has six grooves and a right-hand twist of one turn in 10 inches. The groove diameter is .3085 inches. This permits reloaders to use readily available .308-inch bullets and yet is close enough to the .310- to .311-inch nominal diameter of 7.62x39mm arsenal ball to avoid excessive pressures.

The front sight, an unprotected, nonadjustable, serrated blade, is fixed to the barrel by a roll pin. A really crude, foldingleaf, peep aperture rear sight has been attached to the receiver by a fixed dovetail at the rear and a dovetailed plate in the front that can be loosened by backing off its allenhead retaining screw to permit windage adjustments. There is no index mark for lateral adjustments, and the Ruger manual suggests you use a pencil! A hex wrench is required, and provided, for this operation. You'll need a small screwdriver to loosen the peep aperture for elevation adjustments. There's a single white index line on the aperture itself and five undesignated white marks on the rear sight folding leaf. If you



Ruger Mini Thirty fieldstripped. Photo: Peter G. Kokalis

RUGER MINI THIRTY

Caliber:	62v39mm
	as. No regulator. Stationary piston. Gas impinges upon slide/operating rod. Locking by means of rotary two-lug bolt. Semiautomatic fire only from the closed-bolt position.
Feed:	and 20-round detachable, staggered, box-type magazines.
Weight, empty:7.	2 pounds.
Length, overall: 3	7.75 inches.
	x-groove with a right-hand twist of one turn in 10 inches and a groove diameter of .3085 inches.
Barrel length:	3.5 inches.
Sights:So	rrated blade-type front without protection; non-adjustable. Folding-leaf, peep aperture rear; adjustable for windage, but no gradations or index markings; adjustable for eleva- tion with index mark and five unspecified gradations. Integral scope bases; Ruger S100RH high rings supplied.
Finish: B	lue.
Furniture:W	alnut-stained Maine Yellow Birch stock with black plastic buttplate. Black glass-fiber reinforced synthetic hand- guard with aluminum heat shield. One-inch sling swivels.
	urdy and reliable. Compact, with excellent handling char- acteristics. Accuracy potential is superior to the Kalash- nikov series. Retracted firing pin permits safe use of reloaded ammunition with commercial primers. Best accuracy with .308-inch diameter bullets. Inexpensive military ball available.
Price: \$	
Manufacturer:S	urm, Ruger & Company, Inc., Dept. SOF, Lacey Place, Southport, CT 06490.

Mini Thirty's crude, folding-leaf, peep aperature rear sight is obviously intended for emergency use only, as they have provided scope bases integral with the receiver casting. Photo: courtesy Sturm, Ruger & Company, Inc.



intend to use iron sights on this rifle, I suggest you install the Williams WGRS peep aperture rear sight which was designed for the entire Ruger ranch rifle series. It costs but \$24.50 and slides easily into the requiver's dovetails.

Ruger obviously feels these sights are for emergency use only, as they have provided scope bases integral with the receiver casting. A set of Ruger S100RH high rings are also included with each rifle.

A Swarovski ZFM 6x42mm military scope was used for SOF's test and evaluation of the Mini Thirty. For field use this power would be overkill for both the rifle and caliber, and I would recommend a fixed 4X scope. However, for testing a rifle's accuracy potential, you can never have too much magnification. Swarovski's ZFM

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When the arf' made recruity goes out to the East 'E acts like a babe an e' drinks like a beast, An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased Ere 'e's fit to serve as a soldier ... When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck, Don't look nor take 'eed at the man who is struck. Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck An' march to your front like a soldier ... When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's plains, An' the women come out to cut up what remains. Jest roll on your rifle an' blow out your brains An' go to your Gawd like a soldier ...

> - Rudyard Kipling The Young British Soldier from Barrack-room Ballads

SOF FAILED STRATEGIES

AFGHAN DEATH MARCH

What the British Lion Could Have Told the Russian Bear Last stand at Gundamuk, as men of 44th Foot succumb to overwhelming odds. Capt. Souter (top center, with sword) wrapped himself in the colors to save them ... but it happened the *colors* saved *him*, as Ghilzees thought a man important enough to wear the flag was surely worth huge ransom. (By permission of the Royal Anglian Regiment, Warley Brentwood)

by William H. Northacker

AFGHANISTAN has often been regarded by rising world powers as an access route to India. Or, in the late 1830s, as a British means to block Russian and Persian plans to reach India's resources.

In those days, the Honorable East India Company (HEIC), also called John Company, Jack's Company, or Jack, ruled India with a combined force comprising the world's largest mercenary army plus British Imperial regulars.

SOF's STAFF HISTORIAN

William H. "Bill" Northacker is well known to SOF readers for his series of articles chronicling British battles (see "Zulu," SOF, January '86, "Zulu High Tide," SOF, June '87) and is one of our contributing editors for military history. Northacker served two tours with U.S. Army Special Forces and studied anthropology at the University of Natal. He currently works for the U.S. Navy Department, and is a major in the U.S. Army Reserves, attached to the First Special Operations Command at Ft. Bragg. During March 1839, a massive Brit invasion force entered the Bonan Pass in southern Afghanistan to seat the deposed Shah Shooja and unseat the Dost Mohammad, the rightful and popular ruler. Shooja had been exiled (without the customary blinding), was grossly incompetent, and commanded national enmity rather than national respect. While the Dost would have better served Jack's interests as a puppet ruler, the myopic and greedy bureaucrats who planned the affair selected Shah Shooja instead. Of the three scenarios which were the basis of the Shimla Manifesto (the British statement of intent to protect their interests in India), the course chosen was the worst and became the foundation for many subsequent disasters.

The British promised the Afghans a short military stay, preferring to leave Jack's senior envoy, Sir William H. Macnaghton, in charge and young Sir Alexander Burnes (Kabul's playboy and head party animal) as his number two man. Despite promises, the army stayed. Jack's troops imported their families, establishing a permanent base. The obvious loss of sovereignty, unpopular puppet government, Burnes' constant "defiling" of Afghan women, and a severing of tribute proved too much to bear. Tribute was traditionaly paid to the hill tribes to let commerce pass unmolested. The halving of this bribe money by Jack's leadership was viewed by Afghan chiefs as a major breach of trust, and open insurrection soon followed.

Under the leadership of Dost Mohammad's son (Akbar Khan) and other chiefs, treachery and conflict grew. Brit troops were routinely mugged or murdered and armed conflict erupted. On 2 November 1841, Sir Alexander Burnes' Kabul residence was breached by a mob of Ghilzees (the people native to the Kabul-Jalalabad area), which took his life by cutting him to pieces. His body was eventually recovered, but not before portions were hacked into strips and tossed into trees in his garden. A little over a month later, daily military confrontations were the rule, and the military cantonment north of Kabul was under an effective siege. Rations were cut, and furniture became firewood. The military commander, Major General Elphinstone, was a mental and physical basket case, totally unable to command.

To gain time while he solidified plans to annihilate the British and Indian *feringhee kaffirs* (foreign infidels), Akbar stalled by tempting British surrender with false promises of food and safe conduct out of Afghanistan.

On 23 December 1841, Sir William Macnaghton went 400 yards outside the cantonment gate to meet with Akbar and company. Even with an escort of officers and light cavalry, Macnaghton felt ill at ease, knowing Akbar had the edge no matter what the British proposed. Though there had been terms accepted by both parties from a previous agreement, Akbar chose to play envoy Macnaghton for a fool by offering an alternate and "better" plan. Macnaghton went for it, and Akbar seized him. The envoy struggled, firing a shot at Akbar as he went down. He was cut to pieces within seconds. Akbar quickly ordered the three escort officers to be carried away from the crowd to safety. Two made it riding double, but a Captain Trevor was grabbed off the back of a horse and cut up. The two surviving officers were detained in a room in Kabul. That same day crowds paraded body parts of Cpt. Trevor and Macnaghton through the streets. The envoy's hand was dropped in front of the two officers held prisoner and was then carried away. While the heads of Trevor and Macnaghton were carried about on pikes, their trunks were hung on meat hooks for public display in the city market.

The outlook was very bleak. Winter was dropping snow on Kabul and the surrounding mountains daily. With Kabul's altitude of 6,000 feet, December and early January saw nights below zero and days well below freezing.

As a serious confrontation was shaping up, we should examine weapons parity. The standard British firearm was the Brown Bess musket of the U.S. Revolutionary War era. At ten pounds, the 55-inch-long musket had a .75 caliber bore and 39-inch barrel. With a mint Bess, a top shooter could score at 50 yards. The firing rates were two to three rounds per minute in controlled volleys, or five rounds of reduced accuracy in a hot firefight. Just prior to the retreat, the British and Indian troops were the laughingstock of Afghanistan as they fought with worn muskets that couldn't hit anything beyond 10 to 12 yards. Luckily, the Brits had been issued new muskets of the same type just before the army left Kabul. Afghan *jezails* (a Midddle-Eastern equivalent to the Kentucky rifle but with bores of .50 to one inch), on the other hand, could cleanly kill at 200 to 300 yards. Long-range firing at massed targets was effective to 800 yards. The jezail featured a notch cut in the stock for steadying the weapon on rocks or other available objects to take advantage of its range and accuracy.

Out of firewood and nearly out of food, Gen. Elphinstone ordered an evacuation. His force would have to cover 90 miles to Jalalabad over deep snow, narrow ravines, mountains, and freezing rivers — and on five and a half days' rations. No thought was given environmental survival except by those few with sufficient insight to use local clothing for warmth and carry native "trail rations" such as dried fruits, barley, and nuts.

Kabul's dawn on Thursday, 6 January 1842 revealed a frozen, foot-deep blanket of unbroken snow, extending as far as could be seen. Subfreezing dry wind beneath the clear sky cut to the bone, but not as sharply as the Afghan steel and lead yet to come.

The first day of the great catastrophe had arrived. Ending night-long deliberations over Akbar Khan's promises, the decision to form for a march had been made. At about 0700, engineers began to cut the perimeter barrier and moved out to install a temporary wooden-plank bridge across the icy Kabul River.

Those walking wounded who tripped or fell from exhaustion were hacked to pieces by Ghilzee children or their elders.

By 0800 baggage was being positioned outside the cantonment. The 2,200 animals organized as transport supported 4,500 Queen's regulars and Jack's mercenaries, as well as the 12,200 Indian camp followers and dependents. About 200 Afghans milled around the perimeter, ready to plunder whatever the garrison left behind.

At 0902 the first elements moved out. Spearheading the three-section column was the advance guard under Brigadier Anquetil. This element consisted of roughly 600 men of the 44th Foot, 260 sappers and miners, three mountain train guns with 30 artillerymen, and one squadron of irregular horse, perhaps 70 of Captain Skinner's Horse and 70 of the 4th Irregular Horse.

Some of the Indian families surged forward, paying no attention to march element order, which disrupted movement. Afghan children armed with knives darted in and out of the formations, cutting and stabbing as they went. In some instances, the Ghilzees would slit the throats of young Indian children and gang-stab Jack's soldiers and women. Those walking wounded who tripped or fell from exhaustion were hacked to pieces by Ghilzee children or their elders.

The Kabul River bridge crossing was temporary in nature, consisting of 250 wooden planks which were to be picked up and reused along the march where necessary. Engineers spent hours in and out of the freezing water readying the bridge while the column formed. To have built it earlier would have left it vulnerable to Ghilzee souvenir hunting.

A second section formed and moved out under the leadership of Brigadier Shelton. Responsible for guarding the British wives, children, treasure, and baggage, Shelton's march element consisted of the dependents, 70 bodyguards, sick and wounded, two horse artillery guns with 30 artillerymen, the Shah's 5th Irregular Horse (500), 37th Native Infantry (600), and the 5th Native Infantry (700). Camp followers as well as the bulk of the transport were included. While Ghilzees nipped the flanks like packs of wild dogs, a plea to await proper escort and provisions from Zeman Khan to Gen. Elphinstone brought a halt at about 1000. At this time the lead elements had progressed about a mile and knew nothing of Zeman Khan's request. Elphinstone, intending to halt the lead units, sent a Captain Mackenzie forward with orders for Shelton to stop. It is not clear whether Mackenzie or another was to further relay the orders to Brig. Anquetil. But Mackenzie was fed up with his commander's vacillating nature. He instead rode out with orders to continue the advance, despite the general's meekly calling after him.

At noon the stalled elements crossed the Kabul River and began their ascent to hell. As the main body took most of the day to depart, the rear guard was unable to move out until dusk. This element was commanded by a Colonel Chambers and consisted of the 5th Native Infantry (650), 6th Shah's Infantry (600), two squadrons of the 5th Light Cavalry (260), and six horse artillery guns (60). The man who would prove to be the lone survivor, Dr. William Brydon, accompanied the Shah's 6th Infantry.

At nearly 1600 and five miles from the cantonment, the advance guard settled for the night on frozen, snow-covered ground with only one tent. The rest of the thousands of troops, dependents, and followers made their beds on Afghan *poshteens* (lamb's wool and leather coats) and whatever else they could scrounge. Dinner was not to be found. At the same time, the rear guard was moving away from Kabul with British casualties trailing. Shrieking Ghilzees quickly gained control of the cantonment, looting and burning. Lieutenant Hardyman of the 5th Light Cavalry and 50 of his troopers lay dead in the snow, victims of Afghan jezails as the rear elements came under constant harassing fire.

As the rear guard proceeded, many of the camp followers strayed into off-trail snow, falling from exhaustion into death's final sleep. Jezails fired sporadically, claiming victims until the night's freeze put an end to Afghan plinking. Meanwhile, the crazy Ghilzees continued to burn everything in the cantonment. With no appreciation of their military value, mobs burned the artillery, leaving the heavy guns sizzling in the snow.

Trudging through the darkness and mountain snow, the rear element finally finished the five-mile hike from the cantonment at 0200 on 7 January. Troops and followers huddled together for warmth. The camp at Begramee, near the Loghur River, saw the deaths of those less survival oriented. That night saw nearly 200 of the Shah's 6th Infantry plus 25 of the Shah's engineers (sappers and miners) desert.

By dawn on Friday, 7 January, the remaining 400 of the Shah's 6th took to their heels and returned to Kabul. Thus between desertions and rear guard killed, the combatant strength dropped to 3,600 in one day.

Frostbite had taken its toll on the Indians, with the hands and feet of half the force numbed to the point of uselessness. Some of the natives begged to be shot as they lay in the snow. Others, with assistance, were stood up or placed in their saddles. Cavalrymen chipped with hammer and chisel to free frozen rocks, mud, and ice from the horses' hooves. Those with frozen hands, no longer able to hold a rifle, much less load it and pull the trigger, abandoned their weapons and became instant refugees. The 54th, 44th, and Mountain Train who took the lead as the advance guard the day before, now became the rear march elements. Advance guard units moved out between 0730 and 0800 in the direction of Boothak. While the advance guard passed cordons of jagged mountains rife with Afghan soldiers ready for work, the expected attacks did not materialize. However, to the rear, Brig. Anquetil's elements weren't as lucky. While the troops paused at a water cut to devise a means of moving their three cannon across, Ghilzees attacked en masse from one of their forts. The Afghans captured the guns, baggage, and effects with minimal Ghilzee casualties.



Choking the narrow defiles, the camp followers formed an obstacle too dense for an organized counterattack by the Brits and Jack's troops. As troops finally got into position, a series of attacks under Brig. Anquetil succeeded in recapturing the guns. During the Ghilzee counterattacks, Anquetil's men spiked the vents on the guns. With the spiked guns now beyond use, Anquetil decided to abandon them, and the task elements moved out to rejoin the masses.

March order became march chaos. When opportunity and whim coincided, Afghan riders would sweep into the column at will and carry off any object of fancy: Women, children, baggage, ponies, and camels were equally prized.

Akbar Khan's intentions were well known among the Afghan chiefs. Akbar swore he would cut the entire column to pieces except for one man, who was to be posted at the entrance of Khyber Pass sans arms and legs with a sign warning the Brits (and any other prospective invader) to keep out of Afghanistan. Despite the advice given by the few loyal Afghans, the command element persisted in believing Akbar's promise that he would arrange cease-fires, unmolested passage, and food.

Captain Skinner left the formation for liaison with Akbar Khan, who insisted on six hostages to insure the Brits would not proceed beyond Tezeen, until he had arranged for their safe passage. Coupled to this requirement were promises of food and firewood. Skinner returned to Elphinstone, advising him of Akbar's plan. As they spoke, the harassing fire ceased. The fatal error of a premature halt had placed the force in encampment on high ground guarding the Khoord Kabul Pass, but it gave Akbar Khan the time he needed to organize an ambush.

Akbar's treachery knew no bounds. At least once, he and his followers had told the Ghilzees in a Persian dialect such as Dari to cease firing — yet in their native Pashto told them to waste the Brit force. Most Brits believed him to be honorable, as they understood the Dari. Those few Brits who spoke Pashto knew otherwise. Once again unsheltered, the force felt the subfreezing chill, and once again some who lay down to sleep never awoke.

On Saturday, 8 January, the effect of Akbar's well-planned delay became apparent. The column had to cross and recross an



Dr. William Brydon, sole survivor of the thousands who marched from Kabul, approaches British fort at Jalalabad on half-dead Indian pony. (After "The Remnants of an Army" by Lady Butler, reproduction by permission of the Tate Gallery, London)

icy mountain stream nearly 30 times during the three- to five-mile trek through the Khoord Kabul Pass, under constant harassing fire from all directions. As on the previous day, numbed cavalrymen were mounted only with assistance. Frostbite and numbed limbs further cut the numbers of foot soldiers who could lift and fire a musket. The 44th Foot formed up under the leadership of Major Thain and immediately pressed a spirited bayonet assault against a menacing Afghan force of 300 to 500 at the south of the camp. True to form, the Ghilzees turned tail as the British steel advanced. But, after a breather, they returned, ready to harass and nip the flanks and rear of the miserable troops and followers. As the force moved out in relatively good order, camp followers once again hampered progress as they surged forward. The effort required to sort troops from rabble wasted more valuable time. Mountains rose more steeply at Khoord Kabul than at the other passes. The cliffs blocked most of the sun and deprived the troops of its warmth as they continued through the snow.

Still waiting for a proper advance to begin, the troops of the 54th, as well as some artillerymen, invaded the brandy stores. Reinforced with liquid courage, the 54th was ready for a fight while the artillery with its few remaining guns mustered an equal amount of fiber. Sherry as well as brandy were passed along to the ladies and a lucky few others while the troops formed for the march. Lady Sale, wife of Colonel Sale (garrison commander in Jalalabad), described herself as having been unladylike by taking a morning snort, but deserving of forgiveness — considering the circumstances.

Ammunition, personal property, and other items were abandoned to the Ghilzees by those unable to carry them.

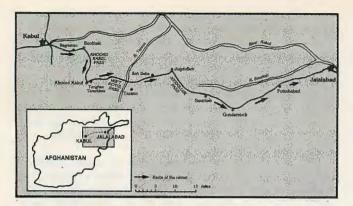
Once again Akbar Khan presented terms for a guaranteed safe passage as Elphinstone and Maj. Pottinger met with him at the Khoord Kabul Pass entrance. The delay was, again, to the force's disadvantage. The same promises of safe travel and food were offered, but in exchange for hostages and 15,000 rupees. This time, Pottinger and Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie were traded over. At first, the column proceeded unmolested after its delayed start around noon. With the 5th Native Infantry leading and some of Akbar's chiefs in escort, the masses pressed into the pass. Natives and camp followers surged forward again, and within minutes the followers, troops, and baggage merged into one huge mass. Fire from the mountains began raking the Brit force. Ponies dropped. Women and troops took direct hits. Lady Sale was shot in the arm, while three other rounds hit her coat.

Most of the action was directed against the column's center and rear. Those with horses put them at a gallop to escape the fusillades of lead, some lines of Afghans being as close as 50 yards. Of the other Brit dependents this day, three wives and their children riding one camel found themselves on foot when their mount took a hit. One of the children was immediately snatched up by an Afghan who rode off with his prize. Another wife grabbed a riderless horse, while still another, child in arms, carried on via foot to negotiate the icy streams, jostling followers and half-frozen corpses lining the trail. Three other British wives and a child weren't as lucky, having been taken to points unknown by Afghan tribesmen. Ghilzees freely mixed with the defenseless followers, cutting them up at will. Throats were cut, limbs chopped, and thrusting knives flashed death by the minute.

Low on ammo, the 44th consolidated itself on better terrain and was joined by the general, some cavalry troopers, and a few officers. With Afghans temporarily held off by their firing, officers restructured the column, sorting out stragglers, followers, and troops for an hour before moving to the camp site at Khoord Kabul. In total, 500 troops and 2,500 camp followers lay dead over the three-to five-mile length of the Khoord Kabul Pass, dying at a rate of 600 or more per mile. In September 1842, just eight months later, note would be made of the thousands of dead who had the appearance of having been mowed down like grain. The generally well-preserved remains were then buried in place, usually in rock cairns, as was British practice. Their frozen, agonized facial expressions led returning British troops to demand retribution for their slaughter, but reprisal was mostly limited to individual acts, such as the trooper who caught an Afghan looting a skeleton and lifted him over a cliff with a bayonet.

Taking stock of the ammunition levels, Lady Sale noted that as of their arrival in camp that night, many of the Indians who had left Kabul with 140 rounds each, now had none. With three days gone, only 15 miles covered and roughly 75 miles to go, the three remaining camel loads of ammunition were dangerously inadequate. Snow fell as the column set up camp. The wounded received dressings and were made as comfortable as possible. The others huddled in makeshift shelters, only to have their sleeping rolls invaded by followers or native troops who cast aside demeanor in favor of survival. The snow continued, with the cold even worse than the previous night. Moaning haunted them throughout the night, as wounded bled to death and the poorly sheltered froze in place.

No bugle sounded on Sunday morning, 9 January as the mass awoke by instinct in the pre-dawn hours, formed up, and moved out without command. By 0800, the camp was cleared of about 75 percent of its troops and followers. About this time Akbar Khan organized another meeting, using Capt. Skinner as his contact man. Skinner quickly alerted Elphinstone to Akbar's new offer of saving married military, husbands, dependents, and all wounded, if the army would halt so further Afghan preparations might be completed to provide food and safe passage. Though the consensus in the force was to press on to Jalalabad at all possible speed in consideration of previous empty promises, Elphinstone concurred with Skinner that the married personnel and dependents should be released to Akbar Khan for safety. Elphinstone ordered the masses, already a mile from camp, to return at once as a sign of good faith. A number of the Shah's troops defected en masse prior to the agreed release of troops and dependents to Akbar's custody. The



Route of British retreat from Kabul to Jalalabad.

command element succeeded in obtaining Akbar's promise that the Afghans would refrain from "recruiting" refugees, with Akbar stating he would shoot anyone deserting the column.

At noon, the married troops and their families, unaccompanied women such as Lady Sale, widows Trevor and Macnaghton, and wounded were taken to Akbar's Khoord Kabul fort. The rooms measured roughly 10 feet by 14 feet, and that night some of the luckier ones were reunited with family members previously carried away from the column and given up for dead. Their first meal since departing Kabul, mutton bones with greasy rice, was served at midnight. Their captivity would protect them from the horror yet to befall the column, and would keep them locked away until General Pollock's relief invasion in September 1842.

Back in the camp, remaining troops who were mustered showed effects of the devastation. On the afternoon of 9 January, the third day of the march, only 330 troops were fit for duty out of the force of 4,500 that had departed Kabul. Desertion, cold, and battle losses had sapped their strength to less than a battalion, and Jalalabad was still a long way off. A true survivalist, Dr. Brydon had the foresight to retain a feed bag of barley for the ponies (his and his servants'), as well as pistachio nuts carried in a water skin. These held enough nourishment to provide animals and doctor with the strength to weather the days ahead.

Monday, 10 January, dawned with no change in the morning procedures. Confusion fed by anxiety forced followers into the troops who had formed for the advance guard elements. When the march order was given at 1000, the crowd again surged ahead of the troops. With the remnants of the 44th, one six-pounder, and 50 cavalry troopers of the 5th forming the advance, the force moved in all its disorder to the gorge known as Tunghee Tareekhee Pass. Only 10 feet wide and 200 yards long, the pass was really a narrow defile between two towering hills, the one on the right being crowded with Ghilzees out for more blood.

In the face of death, Dr. Brydon chose the moment of departure to partake of some frozen eggs and wine, also frozen to a syrup-like consistency, in company of three officers. Midday sun reflected the snow's white glare to the point of blinding some of the force, including Brydon, who rubbed his eyes with snow to obtain relief from the pain.

The pass at Tunghee Tareekhee turned into a slaughterhouse as Ghilzees poured jezail fire into the pitifully small mass of armed troops and their thousands of helpless camp followers. It was here that the remaining Indian infantrymen dropped their weapons and kit to increase their mobility, but all was in vain. Ghilzees ceased their volleys and charged with raised swords and flashing daggers, chopping into the masses and sparing no one unfortunate enough to be within arm's reach. Bodies fell upon bodies to form stacks of corpses littering the width and 200-yard length of the gorge. The 54th Native Infantry was only red patches on deep snow. What treasure and baggage remained was carried away by the Ghilzees.

The advance guard continued forward under fire, traveling five miles to Kubbur-i-Jubbar. They took stock of their losses while the few stragglers reformed with the advance, relaying the

AFGHANS WILL ALWAYS RESIST

In the first volume, *Heaven's Command*, of the magnificent trilogy *Pax Britannica*, James (now Jan) Morris tells the above story of the doomed British expedition and describes how, in 1960, he retraced the bloody footsteps of the beleaguered British columns from Kabul to Jalalabad. He found the Afghan feats of arms still fresh in tribesmen's memories as they pointed out scenes of their families' exploits. He asked one patriarch what would happen now, if a foreign army invaded Afghanistan. "The same," he hissed between the last of his teeth.

If history never exactly repeats itself, it is largely true, as Hegel said, "that people and governments never have learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it." For, when the Soviet armies swept into Afghanistan in 1979 on what Christians celebrate as Christmas Eve, their object was the same as that of the Raj before them — to subdue the Afghans and ultimately to impose on them a new ruler — ex-KGB agent Babrak Karmal.

Reportedly some elements of the Soviet hierarchy were against the adventure (notably the KGB itself), just as many British (including the directors of the East India Company and the Duke of Wellington himself) were horrified by news of the 1838 manifesto of intent. Similar hypocrisies accompanied both invasions: The British claimed they would restore Shah Shooja and "support him against foreign interference and factious opposition" and that, once he was "secured in power and the independence and integrity of Afghanistan established," the British Army would be withdrawn. The Russians made similar pledges about withdrawal after Afghan independence (that is, subservience) had been established, claiming that their invasion was a "limited contingent" in response to repeated requests for assistance from Kabul. Why the Kremlin decided

Why the Kremlin decided to move, risking and duly receiving grave censure not only from China and the West but from most of the Islamic world, from most of the non-aligned movement, from the members of Asean (already nervous of Vietnam's growing closeness with Moscow) and from many fellow communists for whom this act of blatant imperialism proved the last straw, is still the subject of conjecture

We still do not know. The invasion does not seem to have been part of any grand design, in no way a natural sequel to Tsarist expansionism. Nor was it seemingly a deliberate acquisition of a beachhead from which the West's sources of energy could be threatened. It could have been that Moscow had convinced itself that it must intervene to prevent a humiliating collapse of the Marxist (but unsatifactorily subservient) regime of Hafizullah Amin.

Personally I still think that the Kremlin mistakenly attributed Raj-like imperialist attitudes to the overly idealistic administration of Jimmy Carter, however obvious his desire for détente and Salt II. Moscow simply could not believe that Washington would not move into Iran to rescue the hostages then held in the American Embassy in Teheran. Thus, on top of the necessity of preserving the regime in Kabul, the strike was a pre-emptive measure against an expected U.S. move against neighbouring Iran.

Gorbachev appears ready to accept his predecessors' miscalculations; what we still do not know is the fate of the face-saving regime he is leaving behind (another parallel — with the doubts about South Vietnam's President Thieu after the U.S. withdrawal of troops). Will it collapse or have the Afghans more fighting to do? — Derek Davies

(Reprinted by permission of Far Eastern Economic Review)



gory details of their escape and the demise of the 54th. For lack of ammo, the 54th was obliged to fight hand-to-hand, but cold temperatures had numbed their hands and dulled their fighting spirit. When shooting became superfluous for the Ghilzees they continued to press the attack with cold steel, showing no mercy.

The most astounding casualty of the morning was Lieutenant Melville (54th) who snatched his regimental colors from a dying jemadar (Indian lieutenant) and continued up the trail sans horse (killed). The Ghilzees wasted no time identifying him and without delay sent a spear through his back as he cleared the pass as last man in the column. Melville fell forward but managed to regain his footing only to take a sword slash across the head which put him face to earth again. He began to crawl forward to avoid being left behind, only to have an attentive Ghilzee thrust a knife through his neck and another stick a spear in his chin. Luckily for Melville, the team of Ghilzees, busily moving on to other victims, found a treasure box nearby. During their distracting moment of greed, Melville slipped away through the snow-filled ravines. Finding an abandoned pony, he made good his escape and rejoined the column. The men of the 44th tied Melville to a gun carriage pressed into service as a makeshift ambulance. Elphinstone decided Melville would be handed over to Akbar Khan for safekeeping, and ordered the lieutenant left on the snow bank. The column soon cleared the area, giving Melville the impression he would be cut up very quickly. Much to his relief, he was soon picked up by Omer Khan, a horseman he had known in Kabul. Omer transported Melville to Akbar Khan, who saw to Melville's wounds and dressed him in a turban and poshteen to keep the half-dead lieutenant camouflaged for protection.

Five miles from Tunghee Tareekhee Pass, as the column halted at Kabbur-i-Jubbar to consolidate stragglers, Akbar Khan and 300 riders were seen looming in the distance. Once again Capt. Skinner shuttled between Elphinstone and Akbar. Skinner assaulted Akbar with words to the effect the Afghan had Beluchi bandits hide in cave, waiting for prey just as Ghilzees waited for intrepid column from Kabul. Dissident Afghans are still called *Basmachi* (bandits) by Soviets. (Painting by J. A. Atkinson, by permission of the British Library, London)

violated their cease-fire. Akbar offered the suggestion that the Brits disarm and give up their Indian followers. Elphinstone disagreed, and the column proceeded without significant incident for five miles along the Huft Kotul into a narrow defile and stream bed, guarded on both flanks by Afghan-infested hills.

Some followers and a few troops had moved ahead of the column during its march down the Huft Kotul. They were found cut up and shot at the entrance to the Tezeen Nullah. Entering the pass, the men fell victim to jezail fire. Bodies of natives and some Europeans fell like sticks into piles so thick that the hostages under Akbar's guidance returning through the pass a day later remarked how difficult it was to negotiate without stepping on someone.

As the column completed its 2000-foot descent over the Huft Kotul and entered the Tezeen Valley just after 1600 hours, it finally cleared the snow level and found itself traversing rock-strewn dirt. Akbar once again offered to strip the Europeans of their arms for safe passage. But, with Akbar's treachery well known, Elphinstone declined. Speed was deemed an essential element of survival, and with 4,000 followers and troops left, a forced night march was ordered. The objective was to reach Jugdulluk, 22 miles out, by daybreak, using the night to mask movement through the upcoming pass. Still, Akbar's Ghilzees moved ahead to occupy hilltops and snipe at will.

When the force reached Seh Baba at midnight, a series of Ghilzee shots sent the mass of followers forward and back again in swarms, like ducks in a shooting gallery. Additional casualties fell as the tempo of fire increased at Burik-ab, led by Ghilzees who were shooting up the column's rear from caves. By dawn the lead elements arrived, still under fire, at Kutter-Sung. They waited until 0800 when the balance of the force consolidated with them.

The road began to descend into a valley just two miles above Jugdulluk, and the rate of fire began to increase as more Ghilzees took to the heights. The advance Brit cavalry took some ruins on a height commanding the road's approach. From their vantage, they cheered Brig. Shelton whose 44th was hotly engaged with the Ghilzees. Elphinstone tried a show of force by extending a rank of officers in line.

The Ghilzees fully occupied two neighboring hills and established a highly effective crossfire. Upon entering the small ruins at Jugdulluk, the combatant strength was down to 150 of the 44th Foot, 16 de-horsed artillerymen, and 25 troopers of the 5th Cavalry. Camp followers ran back and forth to avoid gunshots, but as their mass was such an easy target, the jezails dropped them with deadly regularity. Thirst and hunger got the best of them. As the troops rested, the jezails miraculously fell silent, and Elphinstone ordered Captain Johnson to organize a meal. Orders were set into motion, but those who were more parched than hungry were potted by jezails as they tried to make a small stream just 50 yards away from their position. Johnson snatched three bullocks, and their raw steaming meat was served up to the troops.

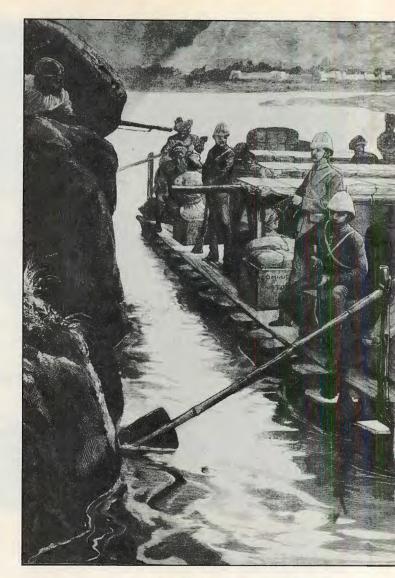
About 1500 a detachment of Afghans delivered Elphinstone another request for conference with Akbar Khan. Captain Skinner, the mediator, once again carried messages back and forth. Elphinstone, Shelton, and Johnson rode off to meet Akbar. The men left behind in the column fell into despair, expecting the worst, having had treachery as a constant companion throughout the march. Anquetil was left in charge and lost no time in issuing orders for cover as the jezails resumed incessant fire, pinning the men in the ruins. Having had enough, Captain Bygrave (paymaster) led a charge of 15 of the 44th Foot against the closest Afghans. Once again, the British bayonet drove the Ghilzees away, but soon they were back.

While waiting for word of their fate, as cast by the latest conference between Elphinstone and Akbar, Dr. Brydon, Captain Marshall (6th Native Infantry), and Lieutenant Bird (Shah's Service) grilled a former Arab charger for lunch.

After 1700, Skinner returned without Elphinstone, Shelton, and Johnson, who were now hostages and being fed and bedded. Firing resumed, and Marshall, now full of horse meat and ready for a fight, stormed a hill with a small force. Hit in the chest before gaining any appreciable momentum, his death came quickly. Back in his mountain camp, Akbar informed his hostages that he would, without fail, organize a meeting with his chiefs the next morning to discuss unmolested passage to the fort at Jalalabad.

Wednesday, 12 January, began with the small force of Brits and followers anxiously awaiting either Elphinstone or his orders directing their destiny. In Akbar's camp, the general, Shelton, and Johnson were treated with courtesy but confined to their tent to save them from what Akbar feared would be instant death if the Ghilzees saw them. About 0900, Akbar welcomed chiefs of the tribes from the surrounding hills, particularly the areas between Jugdulluk and Jalalabad. Tribesmen wandered into the camp in droves as the chiefs presented demands against Akbar's offer. While Akbar appeared to placate the boisterous lot with bribes, he switched to the Pashto language to avoid British eavesdropping. There was too much talk of outright massacre, which understandably worried Elphinstone, but Elphinstone was to remain as a hostage to the end.

While the meetings rambled on, the troops and followers fended off continuous assaults by knife-wielding Ghilzees and jezail fire. From daybreak onward, the 44th and every available troop mounted bayonet charge after bayonet charge to drive the encroaching Ghilzees up the hills. As many times as the Afghans were spiked by British steel, they closed in for follow-up attacks.



During the morning, while riding to a vantage point in the hopes of intercepting a message from the general, Major Thain (ADC, 21st Foot) and Capt. Skinner were attacked by Ghilzees who managed to shoot Skinner in the face with a pistol. Skinner, who had been so useful in carrying dispatches between Akbar and the column, agonized for hours until his death at about 1500.

Even as Akbar and his henchmen advised the general that there had been no hostilities that day, the fighting persisted. Akbar departed the chief's council at noon, heading to a vantage point above the carnage. Finally, he returned to camp at dusk, announcing he had obtained assurances that the column would be able to proceed unmolested to Jalalabad. Elphinstone's demands to return to his dwindling force were ignored. Akbar listened to the officers' pleas to return to their troops but suggested such a move would only enrage the Ghilzees — and the Afghans would then zero-in on the masses to finish the column before day's end. The issue was not pursued again. Akbar suggested the British force be brought out as his hostages, leaving the followers to be slaughtered.

Jugdulluk was a scene of terrible slaughter. British units later returning on a punitive expedition remarked on the difficulty of negotiating the trails due to the heaped bodies, untouched since their deaths. Caves and crevices in the hills were stuffed with corpses of those trying to hide from the Ghilzees. Hundreds lay by the road and were described as "pulp" by one observer. Still, this was just a taste of worse things to come.

Elphinstone again asked to return to his column. His notes to Anquetil were intercepted by Akbar, who refused to allow him out of camp. Akbar instead urged Capt. Johnson to retrieve some of his friends from the column to save them from certain



Several decades after fateful march from Kabul to Jalalabad, Brits packed it in, seen here floating sick and wounded down Kabul River from Jalabad as they withdraw. Even though now armed with modern Martini rifles, they were still under attack from Ghilzee jezails. (By permission of the British Library, London)

death. Johnson refused the offer on the grounds of honor and integrity, maintaining that an officer was obliged to lead his troops, not abandon them. The 2,000 remaining followers were not even considered as elements in the proceedings.

At about 1900, there arose tremendous volleys of musket fire. Ghilzees were once again swarming on the hills, now dark save for flickering campfires and muzzle flashes. Anquetil, tired of both waiting for orders and seeing his men die in place, decided to march the force onward. Just prior to moving out, the big fight began. Captain Souter (44th) saved the regimental colors by wrapping them around himself — they would later save his life.

They left by darkness. The unannounced movement caught the Ghilzees off guard, as they had expected the Brits and followers to remain in position until Akbar and Elphinstone had agreed on terms regarding continuing to Jalalabad.

With remorse, 70 to 80 wounded were left behind. The followers were particularly nervous and surged forward into the troops of the advance guard upon order to march. Those Ghilzees on the hills overlooking the start point quickly worked their way down the slopes and began butchering wounded and rear-element followers alike. Some of the troops worked their way clear of the masses to vent their rage at bayonet point, dispatching every Ghilzee plunderer they could find.

From Jugdulluk, the column descended to a stream bed and

followed it for about a mile and a half. Steep snow-covered hills rose up along either side of the narrow trail, capped with Ghilzees plinking away with their jezails. While campfires blinked left and right, the camped Afghans soon realized the troops were underway and moved ahead of the force to intercept them at the narrow pass at the gorge's floor. As they completed their steep upgrade climb, the column came to an abattis (a barrier made of brush and treetops to defend a position or prevent passage) of prickly holly oak, felled and intertwined by the Ghilzees. Its purpose was obvious. Jezails opened fire at a murderous rate and Ghilzees poured into the crowded and panicked followers.

Dr. Brydon, on horseback and leading a wounded officer's mount, was knocked to the ground by a Ghilzee knife slash to the top of his head. By luck, the doctor was wearing a forage cap with an issue of *Blackwood's* magazine stashed inside for safekeeping. This deflected the blade and resulted in Brydon's only losing a shaving of skull the size of a wafer, instead of being split open like a melon. Stunned and lying on the trail, he managed to draw his sword, parrying the Ghilzee's second slash. Brydon's quick action chopped off the marauding Afghan's fingers, causing the knife to fall to the ground. Brydon then headed off hoping to find the troops — minus his hat, horse, and shoe.

It was but a frozen hell they had traveled so far to find. Snow rose up the steep sides of the pass, ice from flooding covered the trail, and the holly oak barricade proved nearly impenetrable. The battle at the holly oak was fierce. A one-legged officer, Captain Dodgin (44th) bravely fought against tremendous odds, killing five Ghilzees with his own hands before being killed. Followers died in heaps under the merciless Afgan sword. Clearly, this was the place chosen by the Afghans for the final slaughter. Brydon, on foot, picked his way through the holly oak abattis and once again was assaulted, this time by a Ghilzee who came running down the hill and across the trail, striking a nasty blow to the good doctor's shoulder. Brydon recovered quickly and the Ghilzee continued off into the night.

About 40 troops finally breached the abattis, while the slaughter continued on the Jugdulluk side of the barrier. As wounded and follower alike were cut up, Anquetil and company were assessing the high ground beyond the abattis.

Brydon held on to another's stirrup to steady his own pace. A wounded saddler of the Shah's CavaIry approached him and pleaded with Brydon to take his pony, as he feared it would be taken by the Ghilzees. Brydon attempted to steady the poor Hindustani on his mount, but the bloke fell over dead, thudding on the ground with one stirrup still twisted around his boot. The doctor quickly checked him and found he had taken a jezail ball through the chest. Brydon now accepted the pony, his shoeless foot having sustained him over ice, holly oak briars, and trail. As he rode forward to the head of what was left of the column, he met Anquetil, who asked for a situation report on the rear element. Having been briefed on the butchering at hand, Anquetil assembled a small force of about 20 who rode to their deaths in the hope of saving those on the Jugdulluk side of the barrier.

Ascending the trail, Brydon and some others who breached the abattis picked their way through the dark to where the land grew more open. Harassing fire dropped off as they proceeded, as the Ghilzees were preoccupied wth plundering the bodies and belongings of those killed at the abattis. Most of the remaining followers (more than 1,500 Indians) died at that barrier. At least 12 officers were killed, including Brig. Anquetil, his relief party, and other rank and file uncounted.

Hunger and thirst dogged the frozen steps of the small party which escaped the abattis. Despite a wrong turn here and there, the meager force worked its way to the Sourkab River bridge, which it reached around midnight on Thursday, 13 January. By prior recon, the force had determined the bridge to be occupied

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OVAMBOLAND

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Mk 2, is manufactured by *Valsella SpA* in Brescia, Italy (a NATO alliance nation). Quite obviously, the merchants of death hold allegiance to no one.

Bouncing mines include the Czech PP-Mi-Sr, Soviet OZM-4, Yugoslav PROM-1 and PRC Type 69. Two types of Soviet magnetic limpet mines have been encountered — the SPM and Type 158 (a copy of the British Clam Mk 3).

A large variety of antitank mines have been employed against 101 Battalion's Casspirs: Soviet TM-57, TM-46, TMN-46 (anti-lift type), TM-62M and TMK-2 (shaped charge with tilt rod fuse); Yugoslav plastic TMA-2, 3, 4 and 5; Czech plastic PT-Mi-Ba-II/III and metallic PT-Mi-K; and Hungarian UKA-63. Older wooden boxtype mines, such as the Czech PT-Mi-D and Soviet TMD-B and TM-44 are no longer used as they are easily detectable.

Anti-vehicular mines can be hazardous to anyone's health — including a SWAPO terrorist traveling on foot. Surprised by a team of Casspirs, a terr recently popped out of the bush and started racing down a bush track at full speed. Blazing away with everything they had, the Casspirs gave chase with little success. Lead poured out of every Browning and Hispano-Suiza in the team, to no avail. The terr just kept bounding down the trail. Finally, a 101 Battalion troopie shoved his M79 blooker (issued prior to the adoption of the Y2 40mm MGL) out the open top of the vehicle and fired a round. With more than a little luck, the M406 HE round struck the terrorist squarely in the back. He was carrying an antitank mine in his rucksack. They found only his shoes and feet.

Who is the real enemy in this tormented land? Clearly, the catalog of confiscated munitions points directly to the Soviet Union and its communist clones. And who are the terrorists? Most certainly not the South Africans, as dangerous political buffoons such as Jesse Jackson and Michael Dukakis have alleged. The devils in this matter are most assuredly those who sow the mines and hope to reap a bitter harvest of anguish and despair.

Regardless of world opinion and posturing politicians whose pompous pronouncements create little more than nebulous smoke screens behind which the communist terrorists continue to operate, the men of 101 Battalion and the SWATF will fight on. In the center of the battalion's compound stands a black marble monument with the names of all those struck down in battle. With no end to the conflict in sight (in the opinion of those who must bleed more than Linotype ink) the list will continue to grow. *Aut vincere aut mori* (conquer or die) remains the soldier's lot forever.

I WAS THERE

Continued from page 12

With our ordeal finished, we returned to Canada, much to the relief of our families and friends who had read about the incident in local newspapers. I was later told that 10 days after the attack on our camp a British group hiking in the same area was held at gunpoint by four Shining Path members. Included in that group were the guerrilla leader with the crotch wound and the young girl. The Brits lost money, food and medical supplies.

Canadian government officials later told us they were surprised none of our party had been executed during our run-in with the guerrillas. Hearing that, I just smiled, thinking about what a difference a few cheap watches and candy bars can make.

PHILIPPINES

Continued from page 47

ed refresher courses and briefings for all ranks. The battalion commander, Lt. Col. del Pilar, insists upon high standards.

Everything they do seems to come out of my *Ranger Handbook*. Such proficiency pays off. After 10 days in the field, the

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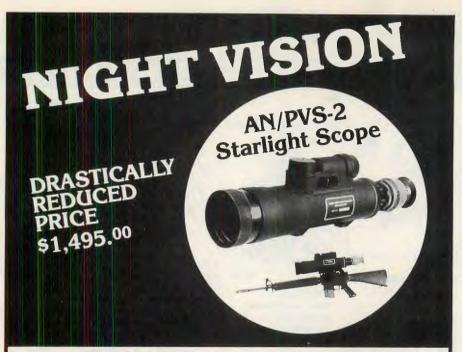
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patrol finally gets its first sighting. After 13 days they make contact and get into a good firefight. The communists flee the scene, leaving behind three rifles (M1s), an ICOM radio (a model favored by guerrillas worldwide), and a pair of binoculars. Through a bit of bad luck, I miss the fight itself. Late, after the fact, we learn from villagers that three guerrillas were killed.

The details of the fight, which I am able to establish by talking to the patrol members and villagers, put dirt to the notion of omnipotent NPA sophistication. Apparently about 10 guerrillas, including two women, were in a perfect ambush position waiting for the patrol — perfect except that they were facing the wrong direction. The troops took them from the rear. The episode would have been comical were it not for the realization that real bullets make for real deaths.

The incident is illustrative of similar occurrences reported throughout the Philippines. There are bound to be continued glitches as the army pulls itself out of the hole it entered under Marcos. An investigation, for instance, is presently under way into the alleged shooting up of a *barangay* (hamlet) by a Scout Ranger unit on Mindanao and the deaths of a score of villagers. The Philippine military clearly plans to ensure that such conduct is an aberration. On Panay, it is already clear, this kind of incident would not happen.

Nearly four weeks since they jumped off, the patrol beds down in a remote barangay. Security posted, wet uniforms are laid out to dry. A troop finds a guitar somewhere and sings softly. Several men cook a chicken we've bought (going rate, 25 pesos, or about one U.S. dollar). One reads literature he receives from a Christian fundamentalist group in the States. ("They keep sending it, so I keep reading it. Better than paying for books.") Others catch a few winks. Companions use baling wire to repair tattered jungle boots (no troop in the patrol has boots in one piece). Local coffee is passed around, a sweet, delicious brew. We talk about families, hopes and dreams. It's a soft moment in a hard month.

Suddenly comes the fitting finale — Christmas in March! — orders over the radio that the operation has ended, that linkup will take place at a lowland barangay a mere six hours march away. Everyone is fairly skipping when the familiar 0330 move-out time comes. The closer we get to civilization, the quicker becomes our pace.

Finally, nothing save a vast expanse of rice fields lies between us and a ride back to battalion. One more formation to cross the open expanse, one more security drill. Then we're in. "Thank God it's Friday!" calls a troop. "Hey, Rambo One," yells another, as he picks up the skinny point man and makes as if to dump him in a pile of water buffalo dung. The giddiness gradually gives way to exhaustion. Troops sleep where they drop. Eventually, the trucks arrive. A few last mugs flash for the camera — those warm Filipino smiles. Then we're away in a cloud of dust.



"Thank God it's Friday," was the refrain. That says it all, not just for our patrol, but for the Philippines as well. The country has long had the talent; now it also has a strategy to win. I have seen it on Panay.

COMBAT WEAPONCRAFT

Continued from page 23

radiotelephone operator (RTO) can monitor the radio hands free in a normal mode with the volume turned down, so battery power is conserved and silence maintained. The helmet ear protection area serves to muffle the radio static, so the RTO can hear, but the enemy and men around him cannot. The problem with leaving your radio on squelch and hanging it on your LC-1 suspenders (another practice that looks salty) is that the radio is totally silent until a message is received, and an unexpected transmission can announce your presence to the enemy. If your battery is weak, a weak signal might not pick up on squelch, whereas if your radio is in normal mode, but with the volume turned down, you can usually pick it up. Another advantage is that the RTO isn't as obvious a target for enemy snipers.

The only other option is to march along with your handset pressed into your ear, which ties up your arm and wears out your ear. This is what a lot of RTOs have to do. On one three-day the company operation as commander's RTO, I did this for 72 hours straight with no relief. At the end of the operation, my ears rang for a day or two. There simply weren't enough bodies to go around who knew how to communicate to allow relief for our company's RTOs, and maintaining communications in the fluid, moving environment of the regiment-sized operation was simply too important to turn on the squelch and hang up the handset.

The Israeli army RTOs hang their radio handsets upside down on the outside of their Kevlar helmets, using the camouflage band to secure it. This way the RTO can listen for messages with his hands free. When he wants to communicate, he simply removes his handset from the helmet band and talks. This is a very good idea, but I would suggest that we take it a step further by hooking the handset *inside* the helmet where it will be protected and ready for monitoring and talking without removal.

To attach the radio handset, first unsnap your helmet and lay it down. Take your boot blousing band and loop it around the right connection



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point where the suspension band is attached to the helmet (Figure 1), Place the top of the handset earpiece inside and against the right ear recess of the helmet (Figure 2). Tie a square knot around the round earpiece, leaving it snug but not without a little flexibility, so the handset can be moved up to the mouth when you want to talk (Figure 3). Pull the free, hooked ends of the blousing band behind the handset and over the edge of the helmet (Figure 4). Loop one end over the helmet camouflage band and hook the ends together. Shift the hooks up or down until the shiny metal hooks are covered by the helmet band or blacken them with paint. Hook up your handset jack to the radio body, strap on your helmet, and you're ready to communicate with your hands free. Your Kevlar helmet is now a field expedient headset (Figure 5).

To talk, simply grab the handset and move the mouthpiece up a couple of inches and key the mike. If your "actual" wants to communicate, the radio handset can be quickly detached by unhooking the blousing band ends from the helmet band and slipping the handset off the loop formed by the square knot. To return, the earpiece is slipped back into the loop, and the blousing band ends pulled back and up over the outside edge of the helmet and re-hooked over the camouflage helmet band.

With these field expedients, you can do something *today* to increase your ability to shoot, move and communicate on the modern battlefield, and not have to wait for the arrival more expensive solutions in the form of improved web gear.

FULL AUTO

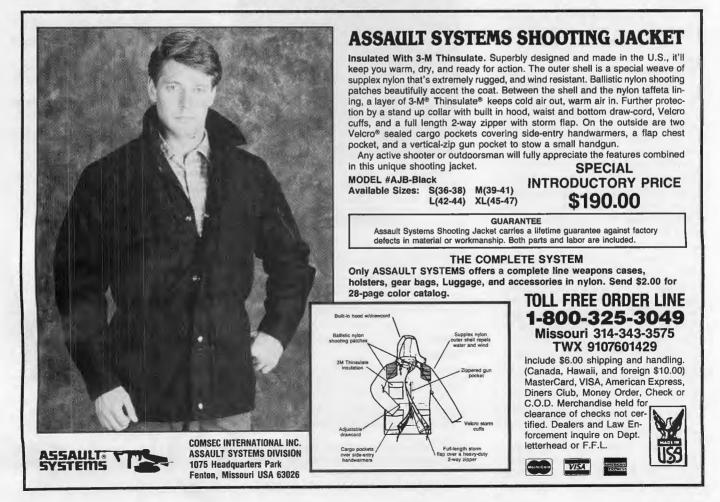
Continued from page 16

The sheet-metal front sight base is punch welded to the barrel jacket and folded to serve as a set of protective ears. The round post-type front sight, prevented from accidentally rotating by a bent flat-spring, is offset from its knurled and threaded base. Elevation zero is thus adjusted by rotating the sight in 180-degree increments. Rotating the front sight through an arc of zero to 90 degrees provides windage zero adjustments. A small spanner wrench is used for these adjustments, but a pin punch will work as well. Three flip-up open U-notches at the rear, also protected by protective ears, permit elevations of 100, 200 and 300 meters. This latter position is a trifle optimistic for any submachine gun.

There's nothing exceptional about the reciprocating components. The massive bolt previously mentioned is

somewhat reminiscent of the one found on the Sten. Cylindrical in shape, with flat surfaces milled on to the top, bottom and left side, a stubby projection at the rear guides the singlecoil main spring. A channel on the left side permits the bolt to reciprocate past the fixed ejector, which is riveted to the left side of the receiver (opposite the ejection port), and the left magazine lip. A mill-cut channel on the bottom of the bolt allows it to clear the right magazine lip. Between these two channels is a feed rib. at the end of which is the bolt's bent (sear notch). A third channel on the right side holds the extractor, its spring and a sheet-metal retaining plate. The bolt face is recessed to protect the operator in the event of a premature ignition. The retracting handle, located on the right side, cannot be removed from the bolt body, so the receiver's retracting-handle slot has been cut all the way to the end of the receiver body. A casing within the end-cap holds three dish-shaped washers that serve as a buffer, against which the recoiling mainspring and bolt impinge.

Both of the M45(B)'s safety systems are crude and require manipulation of the retracting handle. The bolt can be locked either forward or rearward. Most commonly, the retracting handle is pulled rearward and pushed up into an offset slot above the retracting



handle's receiver slot, in the manner of the Sten. If the weapon is jarred or dropped on its butt, it's conceivable that the retracting handle could pop out of this safety slot, and the bolt might subsequently override the sear to fire a round. Believe me, it has happened. For transport, it is safer to rest the bolt forward against an empty chamber. In this position, the left side of the retracting handle is aligned with a hole in the receiver. Press the retracting handle to the left and it will enter this hole and lock the bolt in place. These are both substandard solutions to a matter of serious concern. Safety mechanisms that block the sear and can be manipulated by the thumb of the shooting hand are to be preferred.

With no selector or safety linkage, the M45(B) trigger mechanism is a model of simplicity. Pulling the trigger rearward draws the spring-loaded sear downward and away from the bolt's bent. When the trigger is released, the sear's spring drives it upward to engage its notch on the bolt and prevent further counter-recoil movement.

While submachine guns should be fired with the support hand wrapped around the magazine well, barrel jackets can serve as a useful heat shield to protect the operator. Since they also usually retain the barrel, this feature permits the operator to remove the barrel himself. However, except for purposes of maintenance, this is a trivial attribute as slam-fire SMGs are rarely troubled by overheating.

The M45(B)'s barrel jacket is the most substantial I have ever seen. It's attached to the receiver's threaded barrel socket by a checkered steel lock ning and held in place by a ratchettype, spring-loaded detent under the barrel socket. It has 11 ventilation ports and carries the front sight assembly and front sling swivel (which does not rotate). Some M45(B) barrel jackets are fitted with a lug to accept the Model 1914 Swedish Mauser bayonet. Bayonets on submachine guns are a ndiculous anachronism.

Many hundreds of thousands of Swedish 'K' submachine guns were manufactured during its production cycle of more than a quarter century. During this time frame, numerous accessories were fielded for this reliable, but stodgy, weapon.

One of the more interesting is the set of clip-on night sights. The rear unit consists of an open-notch plate with two self-luminous white dots. It's adjustable for elevation zero. The front sight unit has a single, centered dot and is adjustable for windage zero. All of the units I have examined were produced in the late 1950s and lost their luminosity long ago. They are carried in a small leather pouch.

Swedish leather is well known for its high quality, and the M45(B)'s slings



were invariably crafted from this material. The standard eight-magazine pouch and its shoulder strap were also fabricated from high-grade, pebblegrained leather.

Swedish 'K's used by U.S. clandestine operatives in Vietnam were often fitted with sound suppressors manufactured in the United States. These suppressors were based upon the World War II Bell Laboratory design which was mounted on the M3/A1 "grease gun" and Sten MkIIS. They were heavy (almost 6 pounds), inefficient and inaccurate. Carl Gustav Stads Gevarsfaktori also produced a sound suppressor for this weapon, about which there is little performance data available. In conjunction with this suppressor, or perhaps in an attempt to keep the battlefield tidy, a brass catcher was produced that consisted of an L-shaped sheet metal funnel and cloth bag that snapped over the ejection port.

Another odd M45(B) accessory consists of a steel plate with spring-loaded catch that covers the ejection port and prevents the bolt from moving forward, as the "safety" lock did on the grease gun. Designed as a safety device for those on guard duty, it's painted bright red and can be quickly removed by pulling on a leather thong attached to its locking catch.

Even more unusual was a special

barrel for firing blanks or close-range ammunition. The barrel had an unrifled bore of smaller diameter than standard. The blank ammunition, which had a dark red plastic bullet and was manufactured at the Karlsborg Arsenal, was pulverized as it passed through the constricted bore and left the muzzle as a puff of smoke. A muzzle protector deflected any small particles that remained. The close-range practice ammunition had a small steel ball cast into the nose of its black plastic bullet. Fired without the muzzle deflector, after the plastic bullet was crushed the steel ball continued down range with useful accuracy up to 50 meters. If ball ammunition was fired in error through this barrel, the projectile would lodge in the barrel without damage to the weapon. All quite clever, but of limited use to the military, as it requires the introduction of two different cartridges into the logistic pipeline.

High-velocity, armor-piercing ammunition was issued to the Swedish Army for this weapon. Designated as M39B, its 115-grain, copper-alloy, jacketed bullet with steel penetrator core leaves the M45(B) muzzle at 1,345 fps. It can penetrate a steel helmet at ranges up to 400 meters. Most of the specimens I have fired were headstamped with factory code '070' (a Karlsborg facility) and its date of manufacture (as recently as the mid-1980s). When encountered, this ammunition should *not* be fired in pistols.

Fieldstripping the M45(B) follows the procedures used to disassemble numerous other slam-fire burp guns and should induce mental fatigue in no one. Remove the magazine and clear the weapon. Move the bolt group forward under control. Depress the buffer's casing and rotate the end cap counterclockwise until it releases. Separate the end cap and buffer casing from the receiver body. Withdraw the main spring. Grasp the retracting handle and pull the bolt rearward and out of the receiver. Depress the springloaded detent under the barrel socket and unscrew the barrel from the receiver. No further disassembly is required. Reassemble in the reverse order. The trigger must be pulled to drop the sear and permit the bolt to move forward into battery. Before replacing the buffer casing and end cap, be sure that the end cap's three inner projections are resting in the buffer casing's corresponding slots.

What we have here is a reliable, but mostly unremarkable submachine gun. Its 36-round magazines are superior to any ever designed for the SMG. Manufactured after World War II, the quality of construction is excellent. The folding stock is sturdy and



uncomplicated. The front post sight, wider than most, accelerates target acquisition and a flash front sight picture. It has a righteous cylic rate.

But, the weapon and especially the bolt are far too heavy. As a consequence, hit probability and accuracy potential at ranges beyond 50 meters are mediocre at best. The safety controls are crude and antiquated.

Issued to the armed forces in the two countries where it was produced (Sweden and Egypt), the M45(B) was also used by Ireland and Indonesia to a limited extent. Sold commercially thoughout the world, Interarms supplied a small quantity of M45(B)s to the U.S. government, and they were subsequently issued to U.S. Army Special Forces units and spooks during the Vietnam War. There it received its largely undeserved notoriety. I can think of only one other recorded instance of its employment in combat. During the Suez Canal crisis in 1956, Egyptian troops fired the M45 (Port Said) at invading Israeli, French and British forces.

No one wants weapons of this type anymore. No major military organization has adopted a pistol-caliber submachine gun in the last quarter century. When equipped with sound suppressors, SMGs still retain some restricted applications for special operations groups. Heckler & Koch maintains a veritable stranglehold on the limited law enforcement market. Tens of thousands of M45(B)s lie stacked in European depots and go begging for less than \$100 each. Who cares how cheap they are? This is the age of the assault rifle, and countries, like Poland, will sell customers, like the contras, Kalashnikovs for \$135 apiece. 🕱

BARRY SADLER

Continued from page 36

restrained his partner and promised the Israeli that if the threats continued, he wouldn't be responsible for Ben's actions.

The phone threats immediately ceased, and Ben and Barry were soon awarded the contract. Just another business deal in the world of the arms merchant.

Along with all of his other activities, Barry continues to write books. His Casca series is still very popular, largely because of the historical research he does for each book. Casca fights in battles that really occurred and meets people who actually existed. One can learn a lot of history by following the ongoing saga of the eternal mercenary.

He also has two other series in print: The Razor, about professional mercenaries, and the Rossen series (Phu Nham, Run for the Sun, Shooter, Seppuku) loosely based on Ben's life. The film rights to Phu Nham



have been sold to Inter Planetary Productions. Re-titled Special Forces, the book's press releases show an SF sergeant holding an M21 sniper rifle and the headline reads, "Hunter. Soldier. Special Forces Sniper. His name is Rossen, and the enemy knows that he's the best. Now he's got to prove it" When Ben reads this he just grins. You know he loves it.

While Maggie, Barry's pretty Guatemalan girlfriend, made American-style beef stew in the kitchen, we sat in front of the crackling fireplace framed with swords and flintlocks and relaxed over coffee and Jack Daniels. Barry began to talk about his life.

"Hell, I was raised in a little Colorado mining town. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think that I would have the life that I've had. I have been almost everywhere and have done almost everything. Even now I do exactly what I please, and I get paid for it."

Looking over at Maggie he continued, "I even have a beautiful 21-year-old woman that thinks a fat old man like me is sexy. What more can a man ask?"

I wondered why he doesn't write a book about himself?

"Oh, I've had offers to write an autobiography, but I turned them all down. I'm not done living yet."

Writing, arms sales and occasional forays into the jungle (in 1985 he used his medical skills to help the contras along the Rio San Juan), keeps Barry too busy to reflect for long. He and Ben were about to take an around-the-world business trip selling weapons, and Barry offered to let me stay at his house while they were gone. I accepted the offer. What better place to write a story about this remarkable man.

It pleases the soul to know that there are still men who lead a life of adventure and intrigue in a world that often seems ordinary. But then, Barry Sadler is anything but ordinary.

MINI THIRTY

Continued from page 63

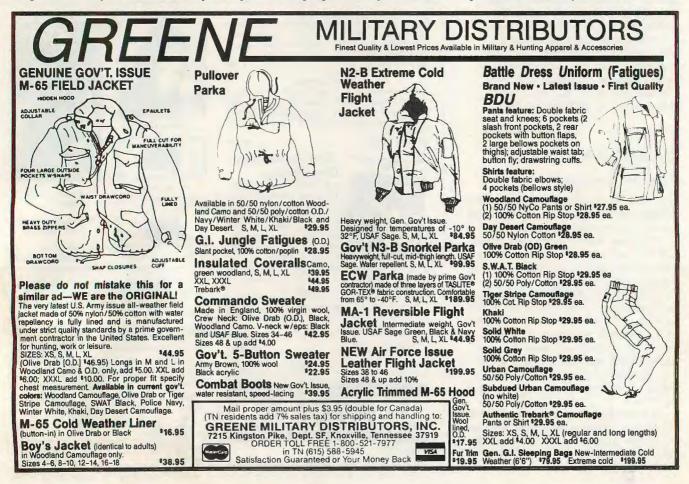
provides a field of view of four degrees, or seven meters at 100 meters, and outstanding luminosity and resolution. Its external elevation adjustment knob is calibrated for the trajectory of the 7.62x51mm NATO military cartridge, but all firing for accuracy was done from the bench at a range of 100 meters. Because of the scope's large objective lens, the Ruger S100RXH extra high rings were required to clear the barrel.

With scope securely mounted to the Mini Thirty's barreled action, the entire assemblage slips smartly into a walnut-stained Maine Yellow Birch stock. A black plastic buttplate is attached with two wood screws. A swivel under the stock and on the gas block will accept 1-inch slings. The standard Mini-14 handguard is held to the barrel by a spring clip. Fabricated from thick, black glass-fiber reinforced synthetic, an aluminum heat shield has been riveted to its underside in the area of the eight ventilation ports. During rapid fire sequences it still becomes too hot to handle, but unlike the early Mini-14 wooden handguards, it will at least not burst into flames.

Several hundred rounds were fired through this combination. Atmospheric conditions were 100 degrees F and gusting winds at about 10 miles per hour. Hatcher's well-known temperature/pressure curve indicates that a 30-degree increase in temperature above 70 degrees F can raise chamber pressure by as much as 3,000 psi. Loads at the maximum end can go over the edge when fired in the searing heat of the Lower Sonoran desert.

The ejection pattern was consistently 10 to 12 feet to the right front. Ejected cases were only lightly scuffed and without the severe dents produced by the Kalashnikov. This will be good news to reloaders.

All velocity testing was conducted with the new Oehler Model 35P Proof Chronograph. This superb instrument has two chronographs in one box, uses three glintproof Skyscreen III detectors and measures two independent velocity readings on each shot. When both velocities agree within reasonable limits, the operator is assured of proper system operation. Erratic shots can be eliminated from the summary through an "edit" mode. The statistical summary offers the high and low velocity, extreme spread, mean and standard deviation. Best of all, the proof velocity, shot number, primary velocity and the entire summary are printed on standard adding machine tape. Price of the Model 35P is \$345 with built-in printer and three Skyscreen III detectors.



For further information, contact Oehler Research, Inc., Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 9135, Austin, TX 78766; phone 1-800-531-5125.

Four loads were tested. Two were factory ball, and two were reloads. I have fired thousands of rounds of PRC match-grade 7.62x39mm ball (headstamped "101 71" or "141 72") and its consistent performance never ceases to surprise me. It is corrosive Berdan-primed and has a copperwashed steel jacket, lead and antimony sleeve and mild steel core. Nominal diameter of this bullet is .310 of an inch. Average velocity out of the Mini Thirty's 18.5inch barrel was 2,326 fps with a standard deviation of only 13 fps. There were no indications of excessive pressure. Group size hovered about three minutes of angle (MOA) at 100 meters. Although this ammunition is inexpensive (10 cents per round), it would not be my choice if the targets were of the Homo sapiens species. Its non-deforming, boat-tail bullet does not commence to yaw in human soft tissue until after 10 inches of penetration, and abdominal shots usually exhibit no greater tissue disruption than that produced by a .38 Special pistol bullet.

Far more effective is Yugoslavia's M67 ball ammunition. It has a flat-based 124grain bullet with a copper alloy jacket and lead core. Its corrosive Berdan-primed brass case holds 25 grains of an extruded tubular kernel powder. It commences its yaw cycle in human tissue after only three to



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four inches of penetration. Although shorter than the more common boat-tail projectile, it will cause more damage to the abdominal contents (liver, spleen, intestines or pancreas), because it passes through these organs at a large vaw angle. Nominal diameter of this bullet is also .310 of an inch and, again, there were no signs of excessive pressure when it was fired through the Mini Thirty's .3085-inch barrel. Average velocity was 2,421 fps with a standard deviation of 22 fps. Group size was no better than four MOA at 100 meters. In an effort to increase the Mini Thirty's

accuracy potential and its effectiveness against soft-tissue targets, we resorted to reloaded ammunition with hollow-point and soft-point projectiles. Mushrooming will maximize tissue disruption. Non-deforming military full metal jacket (FMJ) bullets can depend only upon yawing to enhance the bullet's performance (unless they fragment, as in the case of the M193 and SS109 5.56x45mm NATO bullets). Expanding bullets should put the 7.62x39mm cartridge on a par with the .30-30 Winchester, both against antelope-sized game and human targets.

Our first reload consisted of Boxerprimed Federal brass cases containing a compressed charge of 26 grains of Dupont's relatively fast-burning IMR 4198 and the Speer 130-grain jacketed hollow point (JHP) .308-inch bullet. Average velocity was 2,380 fps with a standard deviation of only 19 fps. As expected (because of the Mini Thirty's groove diameter of .3085 of an inch), this was our most accurate load and grouped to two MOA. Unfortunately, the high temperatures of the Arizona desert pushed us just over the safe pressure boundary. Several cases exhibited incipient head separations, and about 40 percent of the time the apparently uncrimped Federal milspec primers popped out of the primer pocket. Furthermore, when fired into a water test medium (while bullets will penetrate approximately 1.6 to 2 times as far in water as in 10 percent gelatin or soft tissue, expansion will be about identical), the Speer bullet expanded to no more than .45 caliber and lost 50 percent of its original mass to very small fragments that would probably not radiate far from the main wound track in soft tissue

We next tried the Hornady 123-grain jacketed soft point (JSP) .311-inch bullet, designed specifically for the 7.62x39mm cartridge. Again, using the same propellant and charge weight with Federal cases and primers, we popped some more primers and weakened some more cases at the base. Average velocity was 2,415 fps with a standard deviation of 23 fps. Accuracy dropped to no better than three MOA, but this bullet retained 70 percent of its original weight when fired into water and expanded to .55 caliber. We need to drop the charge weight by one to two grains. This should both reduce the chamber pressure to a safe level and enhance the bullet's performance.

There were no stoppages of any type during SOF's test and evaluation of the Ruger



MONEY BACK (LESS POSTAGE) IF NOT SATISFIED

Mini Thirty. Our test specimen exhibited no adverse effects from the over-pressure loads. Felt recoil is negligible in all rifles chambered for the 7.62x39mm cartridge. Compact and of only moderate weight, the Mini Thirty's overall handling characteristics are excellent. Accuracy potential is superior to the Kalashnikov series and comparable to any slide-action or lever-action carbine. As the firing pin is retracted until the bolt rotates into battery, commercial primers can be used in reloaded ammunition without fear of premature ignition.

With a suggested retail price of only \$437, who will be attracted to the Ruger Mini Thirty? When equipped with a sturdy 4X scope and/or the Williams rear sight, ranchers, brush hunters, survivalists, plinkers and even law enforcement personnel should be drawn to Ruger's high quality and the low cost of 7.62x39mm ammunition. For further information contact Sturm, Ruger & Company, Inc., Dept. SOF, Lacey Place, Southport, CT 06490.

Disassembly Procedures

After firing, gas-operated weapons need careful cleaning. Disassembly procedures for The Mini Thirty are straightforward and in general mimic those for the M14. Remove the scope and mount. This will not affect the zero. Remove the magazine and clear the weapon by retracting and releasing the operating group. With the hammer cocked, place the safety to the "on" position. Insert a steel rod — or better yet, one of Brownell's (Dept. SOF, Route 2, Box 1,

Montezuma, Iowa 50171) Garand tools into the hole at the rear of the trigger guard. Lift the trigger guard upward and toward the muzzle with as many foot-pounds as you can muster. Remove the trigger housing assembly and separate the barreled receiver group from the stock by slapping the heel of the buttstock away from the receiver. Compress the recoil spring into the op rod's hollow interior until you can separate the spring and guide rod from the bushing under the receiver. Push out the bushing's cross pin and remove the bushing. Lift off the handguard by squeezing the sides and raising the rear portion. Pull the op rod to the rear and align its locking projection with the disassembly notch on the receiver. Separate the operating rod/slide from the receiver. Remove the bolt-lock cover plate by tapping it downward with a brass or nylon drift. Lift out the bolt lock/ejector, its spring and plunger. Pull the bolt forward and out of the receiver.

Scrub the stationary piston and interior of the gas shield with solvent and a Scotch-Brite® scour pad to remove as much carbon residue as possible. Do not attempt to remove the piston or gas block assembly. Do not use lubricants of any kind on any component in the gas system. Wipe the carbon residue off the stock's sheet-metal heat shield. Lubricate the reciprocating parts with All Weather Weapons' Lube (Thiem Corporation, Dept. SOF, 5151 Denison Ave., Cleveland, OH 44102; phone 800-225-4713) and use G96 Gun Treatment (G96 Design Tech, Inc., Dept. SOF, 100 Sixth Ave., Paterson, NJ 07524; phone 201-523-1907) on the other components.

Reassemble in the reverse order. Insert the bolt body at a 45-degree angle to the receiver and rotate down and back. When reinstalling the recoil spring and guide rod, the guide rod's chisel-shaped top must go under the bushing's cross pin.

DEATH MARCH

Continued from page 71

by the Ghilzees. Accordingly, it chose to ford downriver, yet still within view of the bridge.

The force was now severely depleted. By the early hours of 13 January only 300 followers remained. They continued along the way to Jalalabad under the pitifully weak escort of 20 officers of various units, 50 men of the 44th, six of Horse Artillery, and four or five sipahees (native troops). All counted, only 20 muskets remained, with perhaps a couple of bullets for each. During the night march the force came to a fork in the road, and discussion ensued as to which branch would bring it safely to Jalalabad. Dr. Brydon, who had done some camping in the area, recommended they stay on high ground over the mountains. Mr. Bailiss, a civil servant, recommended the force proceed through the Neemlah Valley, in which it would encounter a large village. Over the

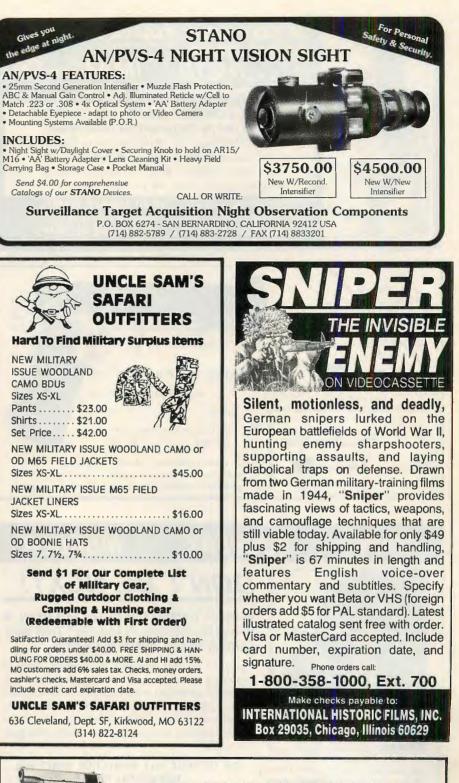
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previous week the Ghilzees had poured out of every village and hacked away at the column as it passed. But the new leader, Major Griffiths, hadn't yet learned his lesson and chose the valley route. At this point, Brydon and company parted with the main force, a move that would save his life. Brydon's group consisted of 14 to 15 men.

Major Griffiths took the Neemlah Valley "low road" with his force of 300 followers, a few civilians, and the remaining military survivors, now numbering 45 to 46. At about dawn they arrived at the village of Gundamuk, both trailed and preceded by an ever-watchful, seething mass of Ghilzees ready for the kill. Once again the jezails spit lead. The intensity of the fire inspired Maj. Griffiths to take up a defensive position on top of a hill, just off the trail to Jalalabad. Some Ghilzee horsemen were observed coming from the village of Gundamuk, and Lieutenant Hay (37th Native Infantry) signalled to them with a white cloth to approach. After a brief exchange of words, the Brits set up a meeting between Maj. Griffiths and the local chief. The British intention was to negotiate for safe conduct to Jalalabad, and Griffiths took a Mr. Blewitt (staff writer for Capt. Johnson) to act as interpreter.

Unknown to the Brits, the use of a white cloth was neither insignificant nor an informal hail. Afghans took it to represent an unconditional surrender - certainly not the British intention. As a result, Ghilzees climbed the hill, and while Griffiths was discussing terms of their passage with the chief, the Afghans started grabbing British muskets. They thought the Brits would give them up because of the white flag, but the troops perceived the Ghilzee actions to be hostile. Without hesitation, the Brit troops snatched their weapons back as quickly as the Ghilzees would reach for them. The Ghilzees continued to smile and speak friendly, all the while believing the fight over. The Brits had seen those smiles and gestures before and were certain a knife would not be far behind. Suddenly, there were rifle and bayonet assaults, with small groups of Brits charging the Ghilzees and driving them back to the road.

Griffiths, Blewitt, and the chief had been on the best of terms for their hour's talk, but suddenly jezail fire resumed and the Ghilzees masterfully sorted out the British force. With deadly accuracy they picked off each soldier and officer from a neighboring hill. As the Brits fell, Ghilzees armed with swords and knives assaulted, only to be bayonetted time and again by the doomed but determined British soldiers. Finally, in one last, massive rush, the Ghilzees took the hill, chopping and butchering all but Capt. Souter (with regimental colors still wrapped around his body) and seven or eight troops of the 44th and Horse Artillery. These were taken prisoner. Souter was saved by the colors, as the Ghilzees believed the flag to mean he was a man of enormous significance and perhaps worth a great ransom.





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State Send Free Security Catalog The chief took Maj. Griffiths and Mr. Blewitt into custody as well, the lot being transferred to Akbar Khan for safekeeping. And so they died, by shot and blade at Gundamuk. The force on the hill numbered roughly 300 dead followers, four or five dead Sipahees, and about 35 dead European troops. The troops died fighting to a man, and the town of Gundamuk became etched into the annals of British military history.

Miles away, Dr. Brydon and company drifted quietly over the mountains to the plains, halting for about 15 minutes in a grassy glen so they could rest and let the horses do some quick grazing. Brydon's mount, having belonged to a saddler, was packed with the tools of the trade. He discarded all the heavy goods and saved a pistol. The pistol would have been a good find, but all the ammunition was of the wrong caliber. Still, he thought it might be of use and tucked it away in a pocket.

The small party continued on and shortly arrived within sight of the village of Futtehabad. With only 15 miles to go before they would reach the fort at Jalalabad, they could easily have put Futtehabad in the dust. Still not having learned the lessons of the past week, Captain Bellew left the party waiting and rode ahead to the village to check out their prospects of reaching Jalalabad. He quickly returned, suggesting he would bring some bread which had been offered by the village chief. Off rode Bellew again, and as he neared the town, Brydon and company saw red flags being waved. Bellew reappeared at a gallop, followed by two converging columns of Afghan horsemen. Following Bellew's advice to press on slowly in a tight formation, Brydon and company moved out. Bellew returned to the villagers, who called out to him. As soon as he approached, they killed him. At the same time, the village opened fire on the Brits, and Ghilzee horsemen charged. Brydon blocked a Ghilzee's sword, but the Ghilzee turned on Lieutenant Bird, cutting him to pieces. Others left, promising to send help, or were killed in place.

Now it was just Brydon and his pony. Advancing at a slow pace, he encountered a party of about 20 men in the middle of the road who stoned him. Placing the reins in his teeth, he put the pony at a gallop and slashed left and right with his sword as he rode through the men. While he wasn't cut by their knives, two stones struck home. Opening the space behind him, Brydon got clear only to encounter a smaller group. An Afghan with a gun occupied a hill over which the road tracked. Though Brydon managed to clear the mob by urging his fatigued pony into a gallop by sticking him with his sword, the animal's speed was not enough to clear the rifleman. A well-placed round snapped all but six inches off Brydon's sword and ricocheted into the pony's loin. With fatigue and injury, the poor animal was barely able to walk, yet walk he did.

In the distance, Brydon could make out horsemen in red, who he perceived to be

British native horse. As he approached with high hopes, he found he had instead attracted five Ghilzees leading off a captured British mount. It was now quite clear that if help were to be gained, it would be with his own means and by his own hand. The pony was almost dead, and with an Afghan's charge, Brydon drew his six-inch sword. The Afghan slashed, but Brydon blocked it. That finished the battered sword as its blade fell out of the hilt. Sitting on a half-dead pony and holding on to a swordless handle, Brydon was still ready for a fight. On his next charge, the Afghan rider swung his sword, only to be attacked in turn by Brydon, who threw the sword handle at his head. Maneuvering to avoid being "beaned," the rider only cut the back of Brydon's left hand. The good doctor reached for the reins, and the move scared off the Afghan, who thought Brydon was going for a pistol. Brydon searched his pocket for the saddler's pistol. Finding it gone, swordless, and riding a glue-factory candidate, he felt he was about out of luck. But on he pressed, spooked by shadows, his own fears, and the events of the past week. In the distance, unknown to Brydon, the garrison at Jalalabad had noticed his approach and dispatched Captain Sinclair (13th Foot) to escort him into the fort.

And so it went, that by coincidence, Akbar's original plan to kill all but one who would live to tell the tale and discourage any future invaders had been fulfilled. Of 2,200 horses and camels, 4,500 troops, and 12,000 followers, one man (a physician) and a near-dead Sipahee saddler's pony were the only survivors to reach Jalalabad. Akbar later confided that he had lost 5,000 men to British bayonet and ball.

There was a total of about 2,400 survivors, mostly hostages taken along the route. About 2,000 of these were followers, who eventually wandered back into Kabul, crippled from frostbite and ending up as street beggars. Of the army, only 39 officers, rank, and file were saved as hostages. Two civilians survived, and 33 dependents.

The lesson to be learned from all of this is reflected in a prescient statement offered in January 1841, a year prior to the great catastrophe, by the British political officer at Kandahar. Evaluating the events of the day, Major Rawlinson predicted, "We shall never settle Afghanistan at the point of a bayonet" - a history lesson still to be learned by the Soviets. 🕱

WITH THE LEGION

Continued from page 59

help of all. He answered all of my questions with candor and tried to pass on to me some of his vast knowledge of Chad. This was his third tour of duty in Chad, and it's doubtful if any American knows more about the country than he. He told

Name

City.

Continued on page 96





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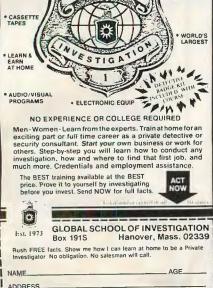
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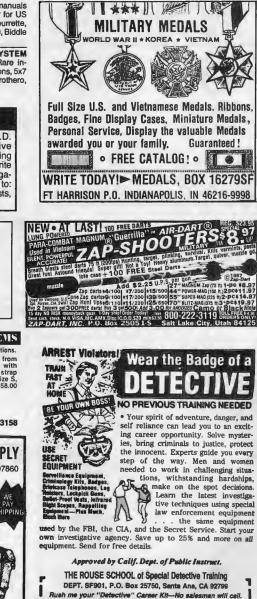
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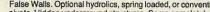
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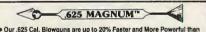
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me about other journalists who'd visited Chad that year (one was killed and the other sent to jail) and cautioned me about behaving myself and observing all Chadian protocols. He stressed that if I even behaved like a journalist (something I'm not particularly good at) before being accredited by the proper authorities, I could wind up as a guest of the state. He insisted that should this happen there would be little he could do save bringing me brownies on Sunday.

With the ambassador's counsel in mind, I kept a low profile while waiting for my credentials. Each day I would report to the ministry of information, as I'd been told, only to be told to return the next day. Each day brought yet another promise that everything would be in order by "tomorrow." Tomorrow, I decided, could mean anything from the next day to next week. All the while I waited for my credentials I couldn't call on the local French military officials because, you guessed it, I didn't have my credentials. While waiting for tomorrow meant plenty of time poolside, I was running low on Copenhagen and not getting any closer to the story. I made an urgent request to Boulder for more tobacco, but was informed DHL, the only international air delivery company with service between the United States and Chad, wouldn't deliver tobacco products. Distressing news.

Finally, after nearly 10 days on the ground and almost as many visits to the defense ministry, I was presented with my credentials. They announced that I had arrived in Chad for "reportage" and requested all "autorites Tchadiennes civiles et Militaires de lui accorder aide et protection." My first name was spelled wrong, but the document had an impressive seal at the bottom and looked pretty damn official. I never set foot anywhere in the country without it in my pocket.

Gaining permission from the French to report on their activities was predicated on having the permission of the Chadians. With that in my hand, I set off to see the French. After several confusing phone calls and visits, I finally found the people who could help. I met with the commander of Operation Epervier, who was in charge of all French forces in-country. Although he was willing to let me accompany one of their units, I'd have to wait until they received permission from Paris. I was assured it would only take a day or so. The French were as good as their word.

The legion unit in the country at the time was from the 6th Foreign Engineer Regiment. Many were billeted at the French base adjacent to the airport. I'd met several of them while drinking at a bar owned by President Habre's nephew. Their main task was to be mine



Libyan tank column near Faya-Largeau. In face of sudden Chadian attack, these T-55s were abandoned by the Libyans intact, some with motors running. Photo: AP/Wide World

clearance, or more accurately, teaching the Chadians how to clear mines. The Libyans had used mines profusely in the defensive positions around their larger bases such as Faya-Largeau and Fada. Before the area could be safe for normal civilian activity, the devices would have to be removed.

In addition to mine clearing activities, which were placed off-limits to journalists, (two legion NCOs had been killed near Faya and that perhaps impacted on their decision) the legionnaires were assigned to routine security duties for areas containing French aircraft and radar installations. Vehicular patrols were a part of that security effort. My request to go along on one of these patrols was granted, and arrangements were made for me to ride to Abeche in a French air force Transall.

Although the patrol itself was uneventful — enemy contact was neither expected nor encountered — seeing the legion in the field was instructive. A small, well-maintained garrison housed the legion contingent. French ground radar in Abeche had twice detected rebels attempting to infiltrate from the Sudan (a nominal ally of Libya), and the legion protected the installation. As I arrived in camp a patrol was getting ready to mount up and move out. After being introduced to the company commander, I was assigned to a jeep with two legionnaires.

Life with my two escorts, both of whom spoke fairly good English, was never dull. They had little regard for the locals and took great pleasure in near collisions and scattering pedestrians. The reason for their dislike of the Chadians stemmed from the fact that they now found themselves advising the people they'd fought against before. Most felt they'd be asked to fight them again at some point and didn't like sharing weapons and knowledge that might be turned against them in the future. The legion, long on tradition, doesn't forget its past.

Leaving the camp behind, it became apparent that the company had done this many times before. Weapons were pointed outboard, distance between trucks and jeeps kept constant, and all eyes were on the horizon. We may as well have been in an active combat zone the moment we cleared the gate however low the threat, the legionnaires were prepared.

After several hours on and off the road, pausing occasionally to survey the terrain from high ground, we stopped for lunch. Wine, of course, was served. The French understand how to keep morale high. Sitting in the sand, drinking white wine from a metal canteen cup, you could get the idea that serving in the legion wouldn't be so bad.

We'd followed no discernable pattern once leaving the base area, and if the route back was pre-planned you couldn't tell. After another hour we rejoined the road we'd taken out of Abeche and soon found ourselves back in camp. After the gear was stowed, the beer appeared. As journalists were not allowed to overnight in Abeche, I hopped a ride to the airstrip and caught another Transall flight back to N'Djamena.

Leaving N'Djamena, a blessed event, was as maddening as the time spent on the ground. With only two weekly flights to France, failing to catch the Tuesday flight would have meant staying another five days. Returning late from a night of celebrating with the legion troops at a nearby bar left little time to gather my gear from the hotel and head for the airport. We didn't get 500 meters before we were halted at a roadblock. With less than 30 minutes before my flight, I had little patience for such silly delays. I showed the troops my passport and ticket, and they showed me their assault rifles. It turned out that President Habre was leaving for an Organization of African Unity meeting, and all roads between his residence and the airport were closed and guarded by the military. Every intersection sported either trucks with troops or armored vehicles. There was nothing to do but wait.

After an hour's delay, long past the scheduled departure of my flight, the president and his entourage passed by. Shortly after his plane departed, traffic returned to normal, which is to say, chaotic. Arriving at the airport, I found out the UTA flight I was to take was delayed by the president's departure as well. After paying the departure taxes (gladly), I entered the security area. Naturally they decided to thoroughly search all my gear. A guard opened my first bag and saw the beret and French uniform neatly folded on top. He quickly closed the bag, didn't even open the others, and waved me through.

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w/ swivel sheath	\$79.00	\$59.95
w/ plain sheath	\$62.00	\$46.95
Mark 2 CS "EXCLUSIN	/E*	\$79.95
Mark 2	\$73.00	\$54.95
Guardian 2 Camo	\$84.00	\$62.95
Guardian 1 "EXCLUSI	VE"	\$49.95
Command 1	\$58.00	\$43.95
Mark 1	\$62.00	\$46.95
Guardian Camo	\$62.00	\$46.95
Guardian	\$51.00	\$38.95
Shoulder harness for b		\$8.95
LST Folder	\$24.00	\$17.95
UltraLight LST	\$19.00	\$13.95

VICTORINON

	Retail	Your Price
S.O.S. w/SwissChamp	\$138.00	\$89.95
SwissChamp	\$90.00	\$59.95
Champion	\$71.00	\$49.95
Craftsman	\$69.00	\$48.95
Super Tinker	\$36.00	\$24.95
Spartan	\$23.00	\$15.95
Classic	\$18.00	\$12.95

BUCK

Your Price

\$59.95

\$69.95

M.O. Devenet issue	20 1 31 D	\$99.95
M-9 Bayonet-issue	\$164.95	
M-9 Bayonet-parkerized	\$164.95	\$99.95
XLTI Titanium w/sheath	\$75.00	\$49.95
Kalinga	\$112.95	\$84.95
Akonua	\$99.95	\$73.95
General	\$54.95	\$41.95
Special	\$49.95	\$36.95
Pathfinder	\$41.95	\$31.95

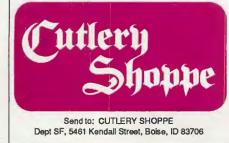
CRAWF Retail \$199.95 Your Price Survival Staff \$159.95

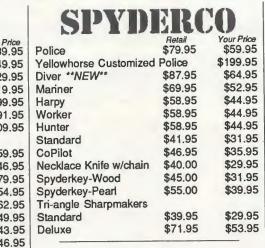
Devil's Darts	+
Arm Model w/sheath	\$69.00
Leg Model w/sheath	\$79.00

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Bowi

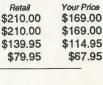
WESTERN			
	Retail	Your Price	
ie w/sheath	\$86.95	\$64.95	
ie w/plaque	\$86.95	\$64.95	





S.O.G.

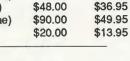
SOG Bowie Trident Tigershark **NEW** **Tomcat Folder**



\$24.95



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6" Diamond stone * 8" Diamond stone * 12" Diamond stone *

Your Price \$34.95 Retail \$48.00 \$81.95 \$57.95 \$119.95 \$83.95

*specify Fine, Coarse or Extra Coarse Grit.

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Survival Skinner Survival Folder

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Your Price

\$29.95 \$18.95

Regular-Satin
w/Capcrimper-Satin
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Your Price \$32.95 \$46.95 \$49.95

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\$59.95

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\$19.95

9.		
EK S/F	Retail \$99.95	Your Price \$79.50
EK SWAT **NEW**	\$99.95	\$79.50
EK M-4	\$139.95	\$104.50

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Shinobu-Medium

Shinobu-Small

Clipmate-Large

Clipmate-Small

Clipmate-Medium

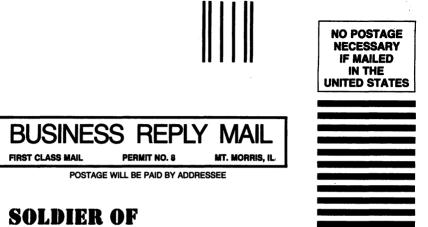
CHRIS REE

	Metall	TOUTPTICE
Jereboam 1	\$285.00	\$209.95
Jereboam 2	\$285.00	\$209.95
Shadow 1 (aka J 3)	\$285.00	\$209.95
Mark 5	\$225.00	\$169.95
Aviator	\$170.00	\$129.95
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4" WeeHawk Custom	\$325.00	\$275.00
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RAI Leatherman Tools - Made in USA

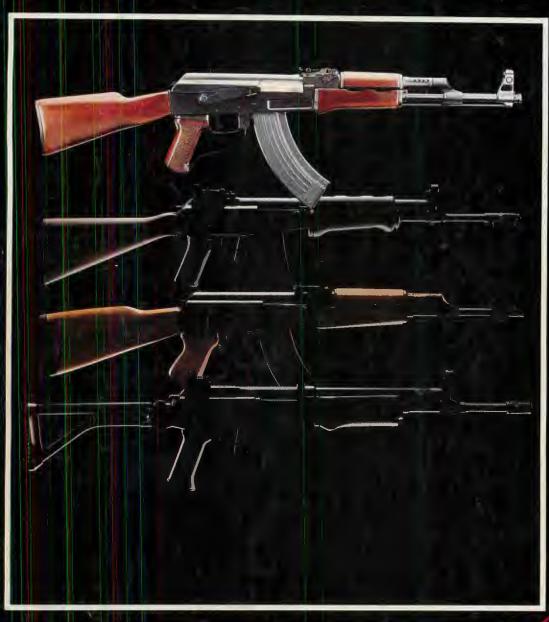


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